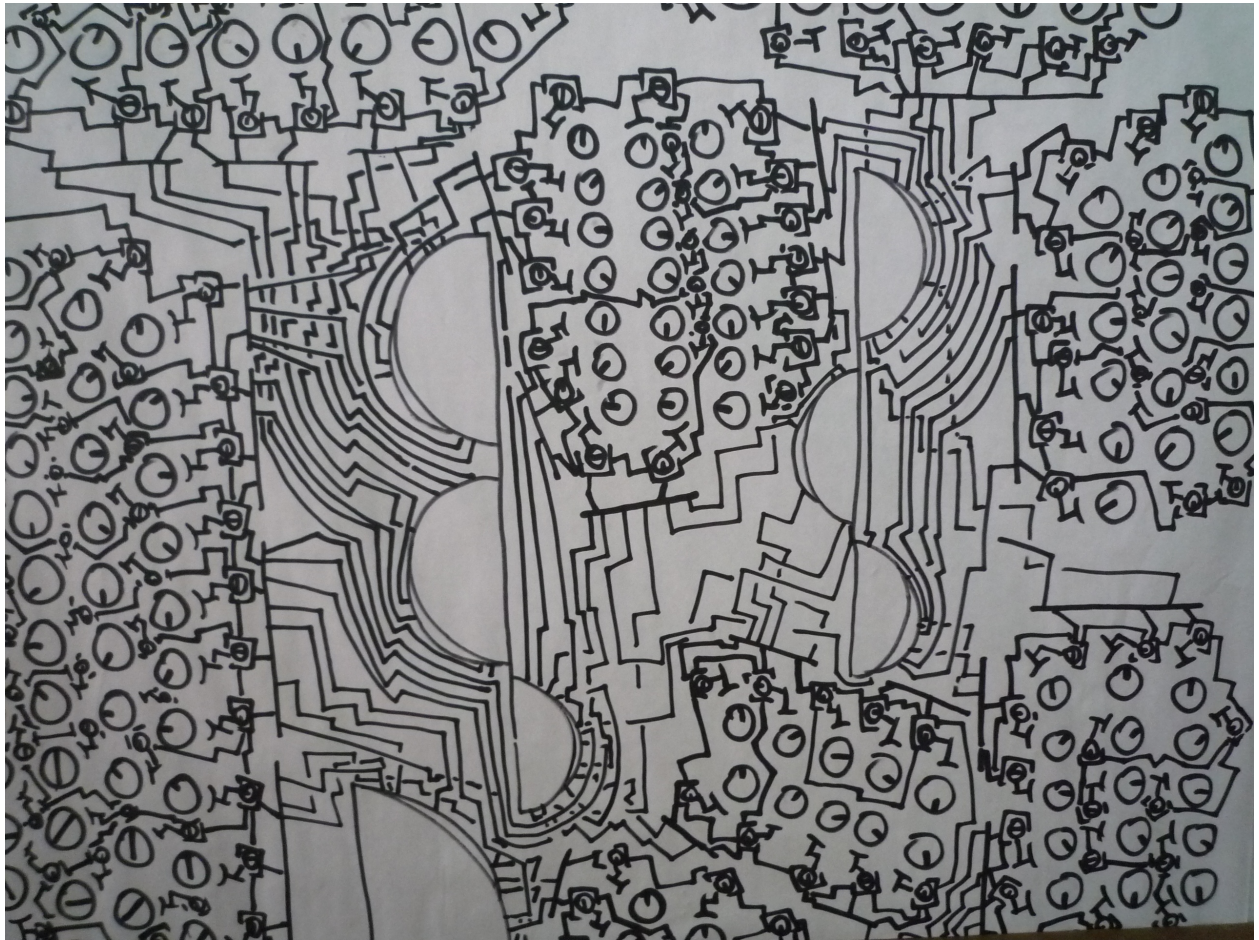




# STILL HOST INSTRUCTION KIT

Lewis Gesner

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2012

WSE02

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# STILL Host

## instruction kit

by Lewis Gesner; 葛鹿夷

**From the Taiwan and the America - -  
Being a word composition entailing  
speculative aspects of composition,  
abstract thought and free expression  
and proclamation**

Stillness is a host  
A moth has entered,  
A ceiling light and a motor sound  
Night with heat waves,  
Cool sheets,  
Damp water in a bottle ...-

Openings are closings

Passage is through these evening hours,  
To be awake while this sleeps all  
But opposite world, my phone rings, she is at work in her day to my night  
So this is my witness a human, conscious clue to the mechanics - ,  
And, a witness and a clue is all that is needed, to make the general sign  
One that when read  
Is host to stillness.

...and the dimpled surface- a physical abstract model afternoon, after, mornings before, two designed periods around prescribed actions, these may be blocked out like lesson plans, with a square space centered for the purpose of the frame- application is corralled into pockets of availability of the agent and packaging units of the dissipated time and energy potentials – loss of use – coercion and sabotage by a necessary secondary but negative secondary force –give to a force agent assertions that will never be contradicted or conflicted in use - ; the assertions should remain guides that are abstract; reaction to these will exist, but in unexpressed force; invisible force; silent influence that accumulates undetected until a final point of over-abundance; the accumulation of opposition to all assertions-, to create burst and flow within a performance frame-; intent secondary characterized by the visible and invisible natures of influencing forces-. ---.—Push down dimple in the surface, like a wedge(s) but not breaking to below, making pools where force acting like gravity, will pool and collect in concentration some aspect(s) of content responsive to this gravity- like influence. Performing circumstances (space, composition time and artist hand, venue) responds as stomach and its extensions, and serves tangential connections as if to feed the body-. Digestive center- corralling of empty spaces and purposeless use – The dimples of the performances as surface capture and hold as in pools aspects and substance of the passing performance content. Further passes or repeating passages of content likewise leave some remnant in these pools, but, each time, leaving pools a little more near fullness- some deeper dimples last longer, shallow dimples become full sooner, and passing content then leaves no remnant in them. With subsequent passages of content then, the deposits are diminished; each passage has its own characteristic event array, subtracted from each turn but some single or group of integers.- it is an equation- it is a compositional structure form – a taper of this aspect.

**Ether or nine one six plus additions to middle**

**term resolutions punctured solitudes**



Hold back, study them,  
always be in transition  
mode- hide and reveal  
as you should-  
invocations are made  
on my behalf by  
surrogate performers,  
and in the style of my  
father who was a  
pastor in a country  
church... each story

may be adapted to its  
algebraic and formal  
value – may be  
abstracted from obtuse  
and banal facts into a  
chiseled symbol –  
sustained discomfort  
allows you pleasure on  
recovery, the lack of  
sensation – it as a

# formal border, to translate into –

A place has vacuums, and no names – when points or pins appear or puncture in a vacuum's place, a line is drawn, and one a line connects onto the point(s) or pin(s) 2 ends are made, and that begins a legend, of how one became a two, and then, from chaos of the un-numbered came a stack of ordered lines, that let themselves be formed, as there was a model for their forming – then, a chaos like an influence, or wind, it stirred the lines and crossed them over one another, going into many directions at one time, - only to suggest, the greater form, the chaos of what stayed un- named, and thus was not formed for our perception – evasive of suggestion, evasive of forming, and evasive of statement, turns the eye and nodes of sense into the space of vacuums, there to wander in attention to the unsatisfying lacking, in which the greatest forms in quantity and un –named exist -.

From nothing comes intentionality. This is the first birth, an easy push as there is still to be born resisting and inertial force, and something moving, and something still – intention comes, a hiccup, or a fart, - a moment of a sudden but small breakdown - .

Again, reprise; ... everything I have seen can be inverted – realization of the namable presents immediate direction to denial – this is a line of two paths – separated from the nest of chaos – its two things from one, from a cloud of number – so to not diminish we must allow a cloud of line - points flowers to determining strength, enforced by natural patterns - it is important not to populate or clutter with what is recognizable - ; association with other conventions are already seeded in every atomic element of the familiar – artistic creating must be pure, unrecognizable – to be strong – to be – generative - , to be of use in the development of the artist in the progression of steps, involving the artist, that lead to the realization of the art – long flat to a far horizon, probably on a surface bigger than earth, maybe differently shaped--, with bulbous lights fixed into the atmosphere – it is free from the conventions of landscape - the existent state of a personal art should stay stable despite conditional changes of its host – thus, the formal aspect-; to stay afloat and stable , steady input or energy is required from source to art – even as it draws more or less, it should not reflect conditions of host or body –

as art of this aspect is **steady state** of development and evolution -, with stable, and continuous – requirements – thus also it is a strong discipline for body and host – to keep this – separate from flux – and corruption and influence and dirt - ... if becomes involved, valve (verb) out of main stream, and pocket, contain- so are auxiliary too, a second body – an unnecessary but existing work -

From an incomplete thought or a half developed idea, when stated or revealed, can come the unblocked or open ways allowed by imperfect or error –and thus offer from extension a different first thought or idea = correctly in line with the product or imperfection or error –

Pictures from a dream are tacked the way a wet leaf sticks on to your shoe – a thing you are aware is there, but not sure how it got, and not aware of what the thing looks like in whole, and where its from –

A preparation made prepares for one, the model one in mind, leaving flat a multitude unmatched but a firm foundation for the one ideal to stand up on alone –

For weakness to be strong, it must infiltrate a solid and a sturdy frame, and only then can weakness practice the traditions of its art – revealing to an audience of victims how it holds its iron sway, and what a force submerged beneath a static form can do over a longer frame, that extending past the smaller or the shorter local frames, may grip a longer set created so to influence the movements of the resolutions of the mind that form the compliment of currents in the spirit of the matter's world ... -

Write out in as many lines and in as many directions on alternate lines the strings of punctuations – and flats, and curves – to map, to offer, to avail a possibility of a user, and this thing, this map, this score, the guide to composition of a hole filled matter, and the score, the pathways winding through the matter so to fill incorporate and make a matter be a spirit and a whole, with substance of the intellect and has a destiny this presence can imbue ----- quiet, and the sounds of settling structures and a littler of the smaller things that vibrate to the housing in the night, and give to it a thread that holds the circumstances of involving scenarios from fall of light to morning rise ...- always possible, these are action lines instructions in a play – squares, straight lines, mover moves past or through cut it briefly and they bend the lines of squares- and change themselves alone, and nothing they attend or touch is altered – many things show themselves to have a second force while some expose themselves as having only one, affecting nothing they attend to or abut and so will show another kind, a plastic sheet of derivation with no source or first, but last and after only and alone..

Forward moving objects – these can be of nothing and may work as holes along a path through air – are they a clock, so like a pattern of an abstract thing, that punctuate the most invisible of things, the medium in which the most of daily objects that we see will rest? Or, is movement all the thing, and what we see as markers in a space, that as a table leg or stone takes up a location all its own, and is a calendar of all its span of life?

Marks are art and frustration and poetry and plans for hypothetical utopias acted in real really actions, and a few substantial risks of loss and failure –

The entity that is an individual has sensations of becoming and of change, but to a thinner, a vapor, or misty thing or object, perhaps, holding like inside a net its shape to see but like a sponge that manages the outer SHAPELESS forms as water or of gas to pass into through it and in and out its walls, that makes it heavier or forces out a thicker thing for gas and makes it lighter and a thing that drifts and moves across a room the way a thing that's died may be imagined to be able to adrift or uproot itself without it legs or feet to move afloat, by act of mind or will, or of the individual identity that also has a loss or addition and inclined to loss itself for something else, and thus the symbol of the thing it was, its outer form the we can see may drift, like this, without its feet, or legs, or hands - ... again, this is a set of acts that we can write into a play and stage it in a room without the clutter of a living room or den - ...

And in this one is put, with arms and legs, torso, head up on top of a neck, a back, - many hinges, creases, parts as with a hair part but more the body-part, and these thrust in the environment may be pointed, addressed by a model of an action anatomy, where you may



hold, in your armpit, one stone, or two, or three – and then, release them, the one, two or three, each possible number having its own signature of the letting go, which highlights the presence of the crease – and the hinge, and having an action anatomy and using its illustration as a compositional expression – so, each hand has many creases/hinges, two at each finger joints, the crease in the palm, the thumb and thumb fat crease – all may hold a stone along it, or several or many if the crease is long, or, the hinge is big or deep, as with the armpit, -elbow, leg creases, beneath the chin, etc. -. Score score score to define a generation and aspect of the bodily insertion into environment and make of that an interactive plan, what to do and where within what – circumstance, - etc.-.

To individuate is to abandon oneself in every way but awareness and the impulse to change or move. For the artist, the alternative is to place oneself into the shape of the socialized artist, as one would pour water into a container or bowl, and take on this shape for oneself. The socialized artist wishes for recognition, and finds it through the shapes established for him or her through hi/hers social group - and, through it, to offer back the forms expected, and to repeat from a list of acceptable messages. This kind of identity puts no value on individualism or the voice that belongs to art, which is as the shape of water, always adjusting its form, determined externally by its outlet, and determined in its behavior by its own internal chemistry. Art that can be categorized and addressed in a larger context is already adapted to another purpose, political, entertainment values, or business purposes. This transition drains away the creative independence of any art, and is thus the means by which art is made acceptable to the larger group, who, demanding a perspective view that is shared experience, is contrary to the singular responsive mechanism which is the kernel and the core of an artist access directly to the creative impulse. If an art can be understood, that it is of no creative value, and the impulse has not been shared - only the artisanship of a maker, as one who cobbles shoes or makes candles. The illness of art is that it in fact needs to be shared, or, made and put away from the artist, and best in clear view of others. The health of art is that this sharing be an impotent gesture, that it falls on the ears and eyes of the deaf and blind, and that it elicits no understanding or response. The social identity of art is this other thing, that it is a role that is satisfied which is consistent with the mundane and everyday experience. The true identity of art is that it represents the abandoned state of the art maker, who has devolved from his social role and has inverted into his own complete and separated state of sensory response, and inward turning, in a kind of dying away from the ordered world. In terms of true art made visible, performance art represents a conduit or channel more attentive to arts creative identity; this is due in part to the openness of performance, and the fact of its relative newness in the field as a discipline. But, as performance art begins to be taught now in schools and art universities as a discipline, the openness evaporates, and we are left with another shaped container into which the socialized artist may pour his work, and find acceptance. The creative impulse thus has drained away rapidly from performance art, and newness or individuation in art must find another set of conduits to satisfy the innate desire (of art) to be seen - in its wish to be healthy and, a living thing. It is my belief that an art which can be contextualized at all is not art, but something working as a placeholder for other human schemes, and a mindful distraction as part of the realm of the mundane. In this way, art really has no role and serves no purpose, only the creative impulse which is akin to

chemical reactions and biological drives. These impulses and drives are of course connected to the mini-death, enlightenments that are personal on the part of creators, and like the end of an individual, is singular and is impossible to share as experience. We may have a knowledge of art and something about art history as it has served a socialized role (as false art) but as a group, art cannot be understood or used. Art is an individual, an identity unto itself, like water that reforms its shape as it moves, and which no one other than water can really hold.

Water may be characterized as shaped, if one tries to imagine how shape can occur to it, based on its weight and volume and aspect apart from how it may retain itself considering its condition, merge and be forced by gravity, conditionally cornered - - - to avoid the reason hole that would to describe how this is possible but impossibly, phrases and aversions of language are better applied, - as instruction, and to give the question of water's shape meaning as it might occur - , as it falls it is water, as it forms from air, as it is captured in movement between places and between capture where it DOES conform to outer shape conditions that are not its own - the shape of water is partly filled by experience of it as a unique viscosity and sharing general qualities of other liquids, - the experience of transparency and viscosity, and tactile effect - together - while it is between, while it comes and goes, and while it is found and used, and while we can eliminate its outer surfaces and all but an inner core that we may say is a cross section of a larger thing, so, there is no shape - it is - from an inner center, where a shape is not to be expected, and where a shape has no place - important, eliminate the shell of water, and we have a portion of all water, and all water may have an all water shape, but it is not one we can know as water is subject to change and process where it is generated or where it is moved to another state - so we defer the shape question to a bigger set of possibilities that may be addressed at some later time when many things beyond our scale may be seen in overview, when it is done, when the changing conditions and such are finished, as like a language that has no more speakers so will no longer evolve or grow and change - and then, it can be examined - but, only then, may we make statements and evaluations that will not be trying to pin something on a moving target - water may be evaluated when it no longer flows, when it is history.

So art, and conventions of composition when traditions are violated and resisted and something new occurs that may not be composing, but something that is alive and only the tag of ART as an undefined FUNCTION can have any meaning, for purposes of categorization - so, it can be put into a context, of those dead things that can be defined.

It is good to move forward not reacting to the alternating conditions that accost, as reaction is premature without a slow feel and adaptation to a state of familiar and witnessing becoming invisible the way seeing a usual thing becomes a neutral act of seeing -

Moving very slowly as if to not frighten a bird, or to disturb the rest of a dangerous mammal, this way is best as gradual buildup to measured response though one without evaluation or judgment - though one that has the expression of an impression made in the soft stuff on non-judgment thou... imagine a moving forward by shifting one side ( of a THING) in front, and then the other, opposite side, ahead of the other, - instead of a lifting of the whole, it is a kind of walking of the THING, join this with a single point of quiet and nonlearned or conditioned action amid a complete surrounding of force of judgment and pressure on the single node (the

individual amid a mass of uniform ones) which resists with inner inflexibility (which is the simple wall against a decisive influence) and you have a form that progresses forward, and after long after expected period to give in to this enormous force passes, then a free explosion of expression is possible, while responsive in a sense to the weight of judgment which has been pressing against the individual with all of its weight for so long, yet resisting any unity with this influence, even if the content may be exactly the same, of what this influence would demand in conformity – yet it will be an individual expression, even as it may contain an in mass substance – it is cut, and floats as free as a boat – not participating – an example, an illustration which has been cut from the aspect of influence as purpose – so think a composition or composed environment of continuous conventional force (uniform, steady) while a singular form resists the force of influence, and when, the steady force resides, there is a flowering or emerging of the individual as it has sustained in its own way, its own steady state of self and resistance – to a form that is like a block – while the individual emergence is as a pin or string – it is ineffectual as mass influence but, a final or absolute, unquestionable, unarguable judgment -.

Infiltrate, think the pin – a puncture in a uniform mass- the opening around the pin flowers into extensions and branching of the opening – and, then, triggers – a bucket held up by string, you fill the bucket until – the string snaps, causing a chaotic event of spilling contents – the flinging of something, the release after a built tension – so is the trigger, after sustained tension until the threshold is broken – and, the infiltrate, and the chaotic flower and redirection it brings – these may follow each other as movements or sections of a suite –

-the linking of varied breath, varied force, varied canal of air, varied resulting condition given assumption of a length or stream that is closely aligned with an overall life expectancy – so is a performed structure of breath, mixed in forms of voluntary, mechanically corralled, auxiliary and autonomic -. This is an easy blend with both trigger and release while pressure force composition, and pin puncture flowering – as breath is reflective of any other simultaneous activity, and responsive too, and a predetermined commentary, if this is a design -. Such is enveloped safely by a morning to night exterior use of life energy and preoccupation - .

The

A

Flat surface

Corners

Pressure crease

Drop points

Weights and size over surface

Contact relationships of objects after and before

Thickness plus imperfection

Weakness positions and locations

Swell and dehydration

Expectation

Honoring preconception

Application of content concept to measurement

Like a string we fall into a concentration,

The concentration here crosses across aspects - ; is a long duration for a thing perceived or a presentation at greater length a more significant thing, and is it even, more of a concentration,

as length allows a deeper, more complete submergence from an outer state that would keep the object of the presentation always, in part, divided - ; or, is a concentration a shorter, more precise event, as would be a hard bullet, delivered quickly and with accuracy as it is pointed at one spot where it will harvest greatest desired effect -...? And then, this concentration, it seems yet I only suggest it pertaining to delivery and overall power to provoke change, by them, purity of force and economy of focus, and, a longer, more external replacement, environmental – change and duration, submergence – but, there is more – these is also, in both of these then, a concentration of the contained substance of this art that is a channel – or pipe, through which some content or original atmosphere flows, from first moment applied to departing atoms of content or contained art matter – the conduit, - and, the moving atmosphere it is venue for – ARTMATTER – hmm .. – evokes circumstance of concentration, and mechanism – it too is a distillation – of ways and whens the circumstance may occur naturally and only momentarily and allowing naturally only a small portion of the ARTMATTER substance and content concentration to be delivered – here, in the conduit, we have a THAT and THAT ONLY , and so, concentration is in the time and density of the ARTMATTER as it flows, in both time delivery and event concentrations within atmospheres or suspensions of their own, and, the conduit which is a concentration of the circumstance of occurrence.

A conduit may hold along its length taps that are invisible to the perception of the sharers but, which drain a small line at various points for a condensed and remote isolation along tangential lines – away from the conduit body – these taps – and, these lines which may redirect in many ways and locations and relations to each other – also present a conceptual form – and may be twisted, crossed, or aligned to reconstruct and evaluate almost immediately what happens at any moment or block of space within the conduit, and also, allow sampling of concentration (meaning here density in atmospheres) of events in air – which is, from these lines, another value, what may be opposed, contrasted, converge and presented as series, taper, or, imitation in the abstract, to construct as tangential conduits, natural preexisting or unnatural preexisting forms - ...so, first, these lines become a separate and other aspect, but in concept and function, when they deliver from the conduit and it is perceived, it regains or transforms again to in part original purpose – they become in their purpose, after their first purpose of separation is satisfied – mirrors of the original conduit, reflections of content, and, are in special parity with the density, of concentration from the first, whatever that concentration may be – these tangential conduits of atmosphere will always reflect – and, be traceable to – to the source absence of a knowledge of the conduit -.

Of course these extensions may cross many times too, and form a thickness dimension and there, as a complex, form either a mass that is a body in a hypothetical vacuum that is a universal performance space, or, may expand always and account for the universe of performance space, as one that is always becoming more dense, until the concentration pushes it outward and it thins, or becomes, less – thick - ..in that – thickness – dimension -.Object creation, object concentration, or/and – diffusion, dissipation, expansion coming from concentration, and the object(s) decline as it/they lose their object borders to the thinning effect – and – diffusion into the performance atmosphere(s) as they are spreading, wider - . Points may emerge, or the potential columns may collapse downward and become holes – points that are presumptions of common experience or knowledge/belief base, and as the hole, the absence internally, suggested by the common presence externally – the conditions of this

kind points additionally to a second set that are like the first, but offset – and, intersect the way two combs facing each other may come together and bind – teeth against teeth – the second set is the offset of misunderstood (misunderstanding) or focus on those points which, if presumptions are correct, should be undetected as common collateral and functioning as a stable undercurrent for a piece of art in question – or at hand – but, the second set, defined as the ignorance of this underlying stream of assumptions of common experience – propaganda if you will – and, given as a series or number of aspects affected by ignorance of various of points – this set becomes obvious as a disconnect, as a kind of additional presentation or plot of actions or events that can be linked sequentially and serially as they are akin, but also, progressive one to the next –

If we think in shapes, of twisting ribbons and contoured containers that fathom aspects by projection of dimensions at any point(s) into the common pool, and these infusions into this background insert and withdraw from the knowledge/experience base -, we allow ourselves a thicker layer of compositional materials as well as tools, as each shape we allow, and each dimension we account for in a work also expands what that work may be, and, the next work it leads to as a continuation into arts parade of examples of theoretical speculations ---.

But – if points are as columns, space is occupied by them – if inverted for lack but reserved (forced open) by assumption, there is unoccupied space – into which a like thing, opinion, bias, purposefulness independent or individual propaganda which may be inserted into the prescriptive role of common knowledge experience, while in that only singular and completely individual to the creator or artist – seeking to impress – or/and control – with the will of one-. So, this may be used or played upon in this way, or, these holes – may be left unattended, and, as influence may fall from chaotic, indeterminate or improvised aspects into or out of a work, so these holes may take on the quality of a prescribed aspect from a chaotic, unformed or improvised stream that might exist as part of a work of art. These qualities may change with each rendering of such work, especially if performance or time based in nature, and so, these influential aspects are as a living and evolving quality, and make the prescriptive element contradictory, which may negate in some cases, dismissed in others, and in others, more complex and interesting, as there is yet another PROGRESSION within a progressive series, a progression of content that crosses from one performance to the next, within the unpredictable stream occupying the series of holes. It is possible too, to consider how these holes may be pushed farther from each other, or pulled in closer, and so in combinations too, of close and far – through pressures of performance content in which there is a chromatic quality in one case (to push apart), chromatic being a pressurizing of action events by means of their closeness to one another, indeed so close and even so rapid in the time domain that there is no space to fit another event in between them, or between the holes – and, so rapid and fully occupying the conventional space of the piece, that the row of chromatic events do push against the rims of the holes they abut -. And the opposite may be employed, of event and matter vacuum, occupying the space between these holes – where expectation becomes boredom and anxiety then, a starvation for some input to grasp – and, as these holes, empty or filled regardless are distinguished by their quality of change – from content around them - they will pull closer to one another in such a conventional content vacuum.

Steady breath may be a performer's marker – lapses may be mapped too after the fact of lapsing, and lapsed again, precisely as before – the breath, steady, and the lapse, irregular, may

be curated by the brain, and by the lungs – in an order, and jointly. If body memory remains, there will be cascading permutation until the system breathes no more - . Consider parallels of pain and recovery, or pain and demise. Consider a feeling of numbness that makes the autonomic act unconscious and then beyond, of no concern, and consider how numbness might bring movement to stillness - consider demise as a series of keys and locks, and while a vessel moves away with fear from the vicinity of nature's threat, it is found not easy to turn each key in a complex set of locks, so that a system might shut down in its many layers of operation - consider, a numbness to this - .

- A fixed condition of a skin that was moist but in a hot wind, dried hard, and the thing inside the form was encased and trapped –

- A case of forgetting, many mistakes are repeated, but many accident based events occurred that didn't occur before, and many branches grown, and new lives formed and many more that could be chosen are presented to one mind - .

The thickness of experience is narrowed and is widened through numbness and pain, aversions and enticements to one act, and not another, the thickness swells, the thickness narrows, like a chemical act, and like an animal act where growth means there is something to be used for something else – as if there are twins, and one is kind and gives but only when the other has occasion to take - .

A set of reactions of an individual in a specific circumstance with a set of know parameters – is useful to plot on paper, and isolate each possible aspect of the reactions, and draw for each a sack or bag that hangs from that response into open space like an unlit cellar with no door or windows, but only some holes through the ceiling through which the sacks may hang, and a cellar of sufficient size to accommodate several small and elephantine sacks – in its space - . These sacks will house extensions of these aspects from their surfaces, like roots in the ground, studies of the surface aspect, associations, connections to other cause - . The map-ish form of such a drawing on paper allows to visualize many possible equivalents in a performance realm connected to a surface cause effect relationship(s) as well as extensions to each of these that may lead to many parallel understandings of interconnections and thus, so many performance interpretations - .

There are load positions, blocks of raw resources that are as in a landscape inserted into a physical location within a space where an art action will occur – mechanism is placed or used to activate matters – mechanisms are simply something composed of one part and a force, or more – or force, or more of object(s)/material in use – and, this use of force AND material is used to activate something in the body of the criteria here in space and for a period – the load positions feed a field of threshold circumstances, which only need to be traversed –or engaged - . Performance is as a stomach, digesting –

...the sustaining of a uniformly composed and dense self is as the weighting of a line by lead, - and, is by a special virtue of lasting, made to allow this continuance as long as the line continues to sink, and composition (of the continued existing of this self) continued as long as the continued existing of the self continues - ...

This is a map trapped by paper when you draw it, when you designate a mark or line a self, and move the point of the implement of marking to start the line and a readable instruction for that self to motivate across a page and thus, across a time and in a material enclosure with other matters, in agreement with the aspects and natures assigned to the line as you draw it, which

will constitute the readable score, and assure the self performing with have a physical continuance for as long as the line endures - ,,,

The writing and the thing you write and the one you model and the one that in the real world of matters is a reflection of are bound in a single roll – of lines and pencil hooks – on tightly coiled paper, so to take up less and less space - the contrasting like crossed sticks that rub and moan is a tally of qualities being pure as force runs strong through them, and diluted, and mixed as force is lessened or blocked, and pooling brings far streams to mutual bodies - ...living of multiple creatures form this way in a pattern, as time spent with systems processing light sleep and fuel allows a secret growth, but nature slowing and retreating, then accelerating and hastening makes them rivals for the same conduct through a second field, a mutual expression – a compliment of harmonies that must converge in inseparable intervals as one sound, or action – while time forces these compound voices to separate from each other and reveal the long crease the necessary dimple that displaces and allows a second wave of matter, from another source to find its way along these separated shafts - ...

It is ideal, we should be able to use our tours on earth and our lots to organize our thoughtful and imaginative outputs – as energy and as a monitor for control – when the sediments of extensions have accumulated on the surfaces of formal constructions then the base may be removed or burned away - .... We have, remaining, the detachment result – and, the base may be read from IT – but, not without a question, not without variability – the solidity of form is present through the directly founded extension remaining, but , - as the base is variable and in question we have some fluency of rendition, this water effect within a formalized frame from which the pins have been removed - ..... ..

Extension

Behind the frame lips of a composition in 5 to 7 parts numbered for form a declining or advancing imbalance ...so that ... a form will collapse and disappear as if it never has been, or advance by a similar imbalance so that it appears to have always been, and evidenced by an expanding and broadening history of the form's evolution - the surface or base – encourages this effect -the loss of the first layer of the composition – allows this history or collapse particularly – the perforations – through which content may fall inward – or, the same, allowing a flowing through and resettling of the base from a lower level to a higher, reconstituting IT and subsequent layers of history below the extended form -

Solvent

Can the constitutions made be separated, into elements, or, diluted and removed as if gems through process of one uniform WATER ing – or, the binding means dissolved by some contextual solvent, which in itself may work to reassemble these dissected components into fresher, re-assessable structures....? – what is this WATER we would use ... -

Universal

Solvent

It is an old model, perhaps some other tags might be chosen for them, and shifted definitions as well, - to universal, perhaps, - list 6 words that are equivalences

Food warning, preparation/warning, constitution warning, sensation warning, opinion warning, effect warning, duration warning, influence warning, - - - examination point for analysis and performing review after completion of the larger body of the task, so there is a lingering while performing is still recent, and perhaps performing is still performed, when performing is



assessed performing - .... – deepening creeping tapers of slight alterations that expand wide or flatter for coverage - ... - mak(ing) a film or coating protective but too, to block emanations...this is HOW the subtle change of medium and matter works when viewing portholes are interrupted views -

Construct then a string of viewers, of portholes – shrinking as one, expanding as one – variable scale while relations are fixed – this standardized form –

Proclamations – mindsets for adjustments of actions to certain themes –

I am as the wind that moves the shell of lived in second depletions and adaptations to remaining materials after prime use, and after first harvests –

I am the generation of strengths in rows, bund together as the colors of a rainbow or the threads that make a cloth - ...

I am the thing that trips you and the thing that blocks your step when walking through a dangerous wood or up a stone cliff or a mountain face.

I am the corruption and the purity of the stone in stagnant water, the path of moss and water that runs a stream of red down rusty hinges, and the appeal of lens that liquid makes when it fills the cubes and manifolds of nature's crystal forms...

I am the intellect and the simple of the wasted page of scribbling left behind while later rendered were depleted of enthusiastic force ...

I am what withstands repeated push and ram against the practical of use and rational of useless invention and late detachment of expressive arts ....

I am the common mixture of the things you know with things you don't and what has peeled away and been a sod that makes a yard and walked on lawn for habitants...

I am the pressure and a weight on me, the stirring of the circular held inside a non encampment we would recognize and call by name, and after once, never repeating that sacred name ....

I am stolen by chemical reactions that sweep a thing away and reduce it a primal state, from there to fast become a shard to pierce the porous skin of frogs ....

I am lumpen to become the things I am, compiled in models half the size ....

I am all a song a song of frozen will to nine below and rising slow ....

I am sending in a leaping fog and clouds on sticks like cotton I am high and in the air where solids rise and form their shafts that hollow winds rush whistling through to find the home that low biometric has for long deposited ....

I am the thing that eats and can't get full ...

I am a desk of wood, a desk of stone, a chair of river waterfalls foaming, and a brittle pillow of dried leaves and branches ....

I am the ulcer that is a flower...

I am the burning of a mind's width when all its height has been used up and sliced, and put to bake in morning sun .....

I am misunderstood events that seem to be what other things profess but short of being coded to transmit a second series that describe the purpose of this scheme...

I am for one a million breaths and many touches, but for another there is nothing ...

I am raised up, floated to an adjacent field, and lowered as if light as snow...

I am worn on top but grown again, with frost below that now will never thaw...

I am the one of two that went to leave but stayed, but which one of the two is never clear as is the state of where it was that was the gone, and where it was that was the stayed ....

I am a salt and a powder, and a run off from the collector of the dew which while it could without machine have spread itself effectively and wide, is narrow now and thick, as conduit and gears to rise and fall the tube make cultivation thin as pencil lines and arid desert wide enough to walk and never find its rim... the thing that most would know ...

I am a great and obscure stomach of contemplation ...

I am a fumbler who falls over words and dream as they arrive.

I am what pounds at me from out, the pins and axes made of paper sharpened for the hermit with a wet stone law...

I am a wellness myth and then a sickness we all know but faint before in future days of worship of each aspect of an illness and a set of idles carved and cobbled from remains of chicken meals and stumps turned up by plows...

I am the stirring of like salad for our honor and our body size...

I am a waiter weighing irons and the glass blown bottle quarter filled with heated lead...

I am winding cycles tight and letting after years of binding, spring...

I am the thing that opens and closes on a crease, the one that bends one way then the next, the one that seems to break but only appears to, and the one whose skin is grafted back and forth, from knee to elbow and back ...

I am the peculiar bit of information that travels subconsciously through dreams from one mind to the next, through casual conversation between folks, between fingers where they meet on the hand and through the lens of every eye...

I spend my days in gathering the fluids related to water that cause wrinkles and smell like sweat...

I am the moving one you see as a blur in the polaroid...

I am the stump of the horrible tree...

I am the word motive that turns inside the crank of every heart...

I am the one who stands in the moisture on the back stairs ...

I am the rain when it turns from drops to ice, or when it freezes on the trees and makes a field like spun glass...

I am the duplication or cell division that brings a chorus to a song by identical singers...

I am the vision that is the last sight seen by eyes that drain of blood after the heart stops...

I am the sheet of flexible membrane that holds in coolness of cold skin organs of a hybrid child, twelve feet high and six wide, with a head completely hidden by tiny black eyes...

I am the walker over grass plains at night who watches in his sleep for property markers rising to hip height...

I am the studier of text between text, who reads every third word in hopes of messages, who turns letters into numbers, who associates contemporary events with old prophecy...

I am the thing that swells until it is so full it pops, but sprays not wet and life by dry and not living, a cloud of dust no seeds but lint and crumbled newspapers from an attic fire...

I am the slit through sheets and through paper and splits along trees' grain, and openings from frost heaves...

I am the contents along the tracts inside a thing that slows or is frozen in a moment, and

I am those things that stick to walls, and other things that are such that they move and smoothly glide from location to location...

I am that that is composed of mirrors, and seeing me, you see reflection of around it and, yourself split into shards and chunks at every possible rotation...

I am a radiation without color or substance or light that still you see like a feeling or the pricking of a wormlike pin...

I am the hinge that moves in 12 directions, all in-between states and angles that make it hard to move through whatever two thing the hinge is strung on...

I am the impatient insect who can't sting – for excitement...

I am the one who misses her....

I am strange when I sleep, because something crawls from my mouth and sits by my head, but I am conventional when awake, as my brain flexes and becomes tight and smooth, without its coiled surface area or collected usefulness of memory ...

I am the fingers on the body of a vegetable, feeling and holding, bringing hope to vegetarian blind...

I am the rust of earth, that makes a beam a tender twig, that loosens stone held firm by straps, that stains the corners of a mouth...

I am a path that winds away, and seeming to return, it winds and winds, away and away.

I am the acid rinse which cleans of matter makes an even face but burns distinctions into nothing but the same...

I am the air filled cone, which bobbing in the sea is clear to spot but drifts bound up in waves, and never known...

I am the wall that blocks the teeth and legs...

I am the dry of dust, the beetle in the dirt, the coil that rises twice to walk around and lays back down for sleeping...

I am the compression of the soul that forms me like a cube, with edges and a mass, and color, and a tone...

I am the thing that is sealed on one end and open on the other, which blows a gas but can't take in...

I am the buzzing at the door, the rattle of the cracking plates, the bubbles of the shaken glass...

I am six gaps to cross, each farther from the last...

I am the extra you will never need, but still you want to hold...

I am the time I spend with what I do contained in it...

I am the seven things arranged in ratios where each of seven takes a turn with one of seven values...

I tell and act the things I learned to avoid, and am a shorter list of things I learned to like...

I am a distraction by nature and, a thing to see I feel as living now must wear a mask...

I am all of pulling pins from skin and currents running heat and water...

I am the sleigh of steel blades and canvas bags...

I am what overgrows a path and brings concern...

I am the steady pounding of a hammer on the inside of a fanatic's brain...

I am the practicing of the march before the invasion...

I am the rush of strength that pulls you from the past and makes you ready when the future is upon us...

I am what another person lived, but through some magic, passed on to another like a virus or a worm...

I am that that spills and mixes with another on the ground...

I am what repeated stays the same...

I am like the vented skills...

I am one of what you wouldn't pay to see...

I am like the thing that stumbles on the earth...

I am as a rubber lips through which you push to enter here, but caught in you should wait until the next who comes can force or put oil on the tightest part and thus release you from the lips, which I am as...

I am a storage space to hold unnecessary things they hoard...

I am the thing you wish to have, if I could be that thing...

I am openly displaying, I am not selling, but I am appealing...

I am the plucked of whiskers, with tiny holes where once the hairs had stood...

I am the vial of oil stemming from the bud of every valve...

I am the channel jam river open valley still wind against the slope ocean flow below, above like water in a bath...

I am the stay the weight that balances on a pin and is held upright by a string...

*nine stomachs*

*flinch on hollow lines*

*pull the juice and flush the water way*

*to clear between two rendered points*

*enough to squeeze from it a nasal voice like rubber lips too wet for silence speaks*

*and then, another set of song will join and rip the darkness into wind*

*another loop and dots will loose from this*

*to mingle with the field of air*

*and flatten in the breeze*

*and second voice from silence of the smallest dust*

*as building brick by brick*

*an edifice*

*transparent*

*to the eye*

*invisible as through the window*

*two the pictures coming in from pain inducing shift*

*a child who pulls the rope to bell to steeple church tower calling*

*sits now alone up in an attic*

*at a window in a morning/ early afternoon the sun*

*is hard and hot on glass, and this small window*

*in this attic full of nails descending through the shingles*

*where he stands and then must pull his head unloose*

*from nails that hold his head in many small caress*

*this small square of silicon is full and full to grey*

*of flies, of many, of the hundreds every hot sun summer day in early afternoon*

*beginning in the spring, a haze of grey that buzzes with the fresh fat bodies of the hatched from maggots  
now the ones who desire only flight and light and*

*mating and the eggs they lay, but now just on their way with body bloat*

*full black and helicopter spin by hundreds in that*

*hot transparent square and there and then*

*bellringerboy in afterchurching lazing times while TV humms below in lower floors*

*with politics and talking suit, the boy will take a shingle from the attic and will snap it and*

*perform a flattened knife and press it to the pane*

*and smear and most confuse the bloated juicy bodies of the flies*

*and hear the buzz exhalt and sound of squeaking wetness of the glass as water bodies some as full of eggs*

*will mingle, on the glass*

*and squeak and squeak*

*and dots form on the boy, his head the dots*

*dark like a black hole but a dimple full of rusty blood*

*as standing fills his head, a matrix of his standing*

*in the shallow ceiling*

*there*

*raging stomachs on a line suck up the pictures*

*in an attic, dimming in the must and age of dirt, the walls as far away as could*

*imagine*

*underfinished unfine brown of brittle wood like many masts of ships*

*to hold the house most strongly from its tops*

*the ship of dreams...*

*ripped open like as in the temple once as*

*God in church made open up the roof and was an attic there*

*to rip the temple to a point to make a point to stop the attic*

*and its flies of clouds that pass the air*

*and join the wind like god predicted locusts but this time this age this region of the world this western plan of place and taken word resolved to fix it fresh with new and different folks who choose the foreign path -*



*not locusts but the local, of the fly that bloats and seeds the bins of vegetables in the cellar at the other end, desire now though not the heat but cold, the cold to lay, to rest the old, the body, all the things that dust will need, and there then too to lay atop the dust the moist the fresh the newest it can squeeze from tender aging loins, the egg, the worm, the way to new that pass the dust from time to time, from cellar to the attic from the floor to highest ceiling, from one end to the opposite, up down, coming close departing, sun burns night to brown like coffee ...*

*blackened eggs, cords spill love from out the air as tubes pour honey from the pump*

*who to receive the sweetness lost his cord is cut*

*and finds from him the blackened egg*

*the slapping water, sea wall*

*east china sea*

*is only steps away*

*but half a world*

*black eggs white eggs*

*fly eggs*

*water of the baptismal floors below the steeple*

*cleansing water of the east china sea*

*the lower end*

*from the baptismal*

*solid water in the air*

*and see the heart*

*it hangs outside the body*

*as it beats and pounds*

*as my heart hangs to see ..*

*how cruel and beautiful the world of things and air ...*

*birds are flying, color in the wind*

*stone halls echo with the sound*

*a steel drum bounces in a tunnel through a hill*

*a door ajar, and ringing from the earth,*

*our bones and legs resound with pounding steel and rock*

*a statue has a misplaced smile but carved in can not change*

*chrome blade show guns white helmets move as if*

*too many shadow dolls are made and find this work -*

*concrete pearl field across the way to arches and the gates*

*the smell of food, and heat, and water through the grates*

*the sides of skin are pocked with heavy holes*

*that oil and breathe*

*and fall and lift*

*pushing points, to interplay*

*the others who like this*

*would dwell between*

*one concentration*

*has its spaces round its rims*

*islands only swum to with*

*no bridge*

*but shallows, so to wade*

*where the power, baked in flesh*

*from suns*

*pulls as magnets to the lands*

*of many points*

*to eat and drink and swallow there*

*and fill, for need, and choked desire*

*sway the branch of many limbs*

*currents twist in all revolutions*

*and pursuit is followed*

*in a power gloss, two blackened angels*

*fused by time living once in one place\*

*gardens from the wash on shores*

*in lines the length of every wave*

*tomorrow ending at today*

*but open, in its farther end -*

*two blackened angels speak*

*in garbled swallowed words*

*toast from bread, and soot from*

*ashes, smoke from water's*

*morning drift,*

*the smell of ocean, food, and incense and the excrement*

*below the grates- tomorrow keeps*

*from living twice today, both*

*long and multiplied, soft seeing,*

*focused on the touched and pinched-*

*it began 3 centuries before*

*on stone street with bell and*

*statue*

*where my way was born, an*

*artist looks from bronze stilled eyes*

*as solid as the guild and over*

*ripened casks*

*flesh and flesh and bone and bone*

*and stone and stone*

*composited, removed from anchors*

*oceanic breath, i stumble here*

*cause broken in the home, so that, only here,*

*is rest and sitting*

*less the pain, and smiled at suns, and numbers*

*when you count -*

*should*

*mark the one who tells*

*the numbered secrets*

*from the hole in the rock*

*put*

*a blot*

*on the head*

*and deep scar on one cheek*

*imbed a fish scale on an arm*

*and burn a colored circle*

*in the center of that life*

*so the vrole is known*

*from many directions*

*then sleep from a distance*

*and count and make*

*a manifold from every day of breath*

*make a lasting list of questions*

*study dry and save*

*and treat*

*as nothing came before*

*subtropic rain*

*batters the skull, to send the tenderized firings*

*to every corner at once, to try and to escape the beating pulse*

*as blood flow alligns with weather*

*and ears dim to energy saving light levels*

*to getting acclimated*

*to the newer force*

*to shed those olding slivers of bones*

*and patch on something i can wear - far, am floating, cutting notches*

*a ray of long emissions kills the basking light and fills the walled rooms with invisible feeling of presence like a ghost - perhaps, a humm or whine is heard, but only in the mind, like to a reference to, and not inside the ear - . Inclined to sit, to push the dweller in the seat and make it wait, but not too clearly after that, to what it waits - to sit, to sit is all and all. To feel - the ray, the way it penetrates, the way it passes through, the way it can ignore that you are one, and not another, all the same to the ray, which touches deep but doesn't leave behind- sixty villagers put out their eyes with chopsticks, then kill their families and sail over the horizon, to build a new society in the sun - as even in their darkness, they are enlightened - they find mute women on a spot of land, writing endless endless books of children's stories with expectation - rewarded by a brood of dwarfish monsters that would never learn reading - so new the world is born again, from the loins of volcanoes -*

*holy savant is tangled in copper wire*

*steps on iron tiles and starts to glow*

*and speak too fast in the riddle of tongues*

*his clothes seem pressed but really they*

*are made to dry while worn and fall from hanging points most*

*naturally*

*forcing little care*

*and seeming most*

*like acting*

*fail the dream, it is a test*

*and won't you won't be asked again*

*to go back once is grace*

*y to go back twice would offer up the will like belly up*

*and that is not the wisest thing*

*and even sane insane can know this now,*

*to back the once,*

*to back the twice, is wound in copper wire*

*and dissolved mind goes into the vapor of electric heat*

*standing still though even think it moved*

*electric ways on sheep brain*

*seems the magic to the beast*

*aside, apart, twice tested, left to graze*

*come hold the world*

*because,*

*my hand is numb ....*

*it takes some time to gather up, but then appears, but far apart, as if the breath*

*breathed by a nose had gathered with the other breaths*

*apart, and formed a body that would stand and mock the body source*

*from where those breaths had really come -*

*it took all of this, but feeling came in little charges back into the hand*

*on some occasion*

*just to remind*

*once this was how this was, and all the time -*

*can you be strong again, the ware it down*

*all the things you hurt*

*said no in down turned tones*

*and rubber words that pulled and then returned ....*

*talking wooden fast, two hinges hold on to the door*

*illuminations burn the God of risk*

*his hands are folded, like on his lap*

*at rest*



*the hotplate on, he's leaning forward as to sleep*

*and then it comes*

*to burn,*

*observance, as the shop keepers*

*stir the ashes*

*AND then,*

*burn their fresh and paper money*

*to appease-.*

*The ways that things are done*

*is punch drunk*

*reflections on collision courses*

*through uncharted sea*

*and lubricating mists*

*and flavor salts*

*nine time from ten*

*no freedom lives*

*between the cells of bark*

*which ordering like hotel walls*

*each place a story goes...*

*delivers once*

*then quietly, again.*

*Filtered through each living*

*is a pill containing all the things to do*

*and like now, the best is best*

*to wash it down, but even still,*

*beware, a posting warns, above a*

*wire cage.*

*HOLY SAVANT*

*the well is filled with dirt*

*and sing above of angels with*

*their plows- who can take the*

*smell of soil away- paper burning*

*boiling glue, skin wrap, fish scale*

*fat beneath the skin... a flake of skin, and oil, from the skin....*

*Placation comes in pennies*

*and dollars, though*

*children and the pets are*

*spared, passing freely,*

*room to room.*

*Equal measures, twice or far- lines move, experiments in the world or empty rooms- a ruptured life span  
can become a time line, and events points and punctuations with a value tag, or an undercave of*

consequence - hired readers all agree, and nod affirmative or spit a no. Been wrong, once right, low to confess, how to deny, tree beauty, dirt so moist on mushrooms, water pools before reseeding river-untrapped, the things that lay their eggs into dirt before it cracks... and others watch, dissection in a studied form- plunging into the middle of the book and reading out toward the edge - .

long, hard, beautiful, sustained,

black bubbles in the milk

down hard rain all day long

spots grow, round and uncontrolled

the translation weighs 2 k

pow pow

the burner goes to high

and sounds just like

a storm at sea

pow pow

pop of rice

smell of meat and oil

soft boned pork

the rim is rusty

smooth it

take it down

with salt and algae,

and a woman's apron-

*the air is rich*

*and settle it with smoking paper and an open hole.*

*i am waiting*

*for actions to*

*ripped my soul.*

*i am happy when*

*i recognize a thing*

*i know.*

*how to feel it all*

*and still to know*

*the smile. choosing drains the will*

*in nicks and scratches.*

*Invisible to waiting, i see the written*

*word*

*and picture-stick-lines,*

*and time is in fractions.*

*Add mass, and load the pot*

*and add to it a gauge and straw.*

*Study feeling of the fingers*

*and pieces of paper*

*in arrangement for each digit.*

*make for use in plans*

*tear little pieces of paper the size of each fingertip, make a housing feeling and sensation in fingers, draw some lines on the pieces like a thoughtful net on each, to catch the fleeting sensation- every line must somewhere have an end - dug the tunnel through the sand and reinforced the walls with spital adapt a kind of norm, -*

*the stomach rivals its contents*

*tomorrow swings around its bubble on the wheel it links with other days, to sit, to be one place, the nob that is a fixed nob out behind the eye and underneath the mat of darkrooms placed inside the walls the mind composes as its stage, - this place we drop our pictures into when we envision something, in the dark, inside - the nob the place, it sits, and it responds, do not delay, do not deny, or think the person is not real, the substance nothing more than current, that holds nothing in it, that, the nob, is everything that grows and keeps all youth and green winds blowing over sweet smells and fruitful living ...*

*A yoke holds two in place beside each other*

*one alive and one a wooden stick*

*force fed in a dream  
awakes to spoon feed*

*the miniature attached twin*

*two mountain slopes*

*two ragged cliffs*

*two creatures stray into the gorge*

*two sides on the picture plane*

*double up of one*

*for choice*

*between identical things*

*like the newness of the spare*

*a spinning of many held high in cups or bowls on stilts ... an image,*

*with swimming and amassing into crescents of the circles'*

*finite grip*

*regarding trees of roots and branches as our maps, regarding edges and points to which to swim, flash of  
memory lights time tulips across the centuries*

*imposed on veins beneath finite hold of skin*

*regarding, old seed passed*

*to others in their turns and moves and turns and moves*

*a surface field and dirt is held in place in*

*infinite hold*

*and feeling as I felt*

*one thousand years away,*

*to move the fingers of a hand.*

I am what was taken and given not back, but in a dribble over afternoons...

I am of the place no one can form an opinion about or discuss...

I am the formation of a secret society, and tables made of bark, and dried reeds...

I am on hills and in valleys at one time, not knowing how to space myself between...

I am the swelling of parts in greater heat...

I am the large with small imprints on my narrows...

I am the solid mass that is denser on its outer layers, wet and smoky within...

I am the fuel, needing to be processed after entry to the system which requires it, by being left struggling unaltered, feeling the futility of blocked purpose...

I am of the wretch, the angel and others put aside to later speak in this long life...

I am the opening in mass that airs inside...

I am the fruit of a horizontal field across the horizon filled with acts of generation and generating, duplications and changed source objects, pushing through time into a liquid future...

I am the father of the hybrid child(ren) feeling hope of creation beyond what I have done...

I am what is flattened on vertical surfaces surrounding me, and the awakening sense of must and dried newspapers...

I am the host from far north, sitting on a throne of frozen dirt, moving on the high speed rail...

I am the thing what was quieted but reconstituted in the silence what which returns full on...

I am the one who stands on pulsing capillaries on the rim of the hotbed...

I am the lemming circle of those who plunge from cliffs to find some open space...

I am the rod who slides out letting all held back collapse...

I am the fish that thinks the world should stop and waters still...

I am the reeking in that keeps the heart where far from a home, there is a finding, of a foreign piece...

I am the whiteness of the blood-pressed-out-of-knuckles as you vex upon a choice...

I am the one who makes the hole, and am the saddle maker fits you for the ride...

I am what washes you with cold and warm and darkness out the less success...

I am the legs so long they threaten me, the arms I lean down low to do my business and the head too large to hold up on my skinny neck...

I am the simpler on a ring of graded things from dumb to hard...

A black lava cave polished smooth by water, high lights of white ash embedded like snowflakes embellish the dark motif-, is in imagined stages of occupation, when young a place where nameless practice ritual and i too hid beneath a hood and mumbled words that resonated in impossible stone,-. - then later as the place of solitude in garments like morose prince who's occupation is to brood and nothing else, and at last to occupy, and nothing else, without fantasy of another living or delusions of this, going there, because, it is the place to go, where the I am most allowed. I flip a stone or other thing for art example, many miles into the earth down narrow pathways and slick tunnels-, and nothing else. Perhaps lost to the world that knew I had a name and wondered at me like everybody does of every other thing, but, through this hole and through this action that I take in here, I am never lost, but only somewhere else, and doing, something else. Approaching any hole, the center in a typhoon as you chase it to the mountain waiting on a ledge for tempting fate and the other side to come, or jumping down into a stream and looking for its grip, you push the past and all it made aside, and leave the things that passed into the making of the fortress in favor of the place where you yourself become the one you know the least of all. Becomes a liturgy, becomes a litany-. The body builds up to the swell and plunges every time a little loosing if its hold and when and if you come around a turn and find familiar, you should do the thing again, to see if you can break this habit too, by making it the last, by ending repartition through a final blow against the sediment accumulating as increasing detail of a simple folkish tale -. shake the vessel then, so that it is pulled away from endless drydock- shake the vessel, shake off what makes a poem a tome, to essence, something like that point of gravity, with no tool there to make it more-. tread, a perfect path- Five places marked by enamel red colors on the glass are there, are there to direct you, to give aesthetic form to the compound most familiar to all, the mix within the individual intersection in unwakefulness and sleep-. Mark, pull down and place, put it on a surface and begin a map and a list made to suggest the story background most convenient to each set for continuity and future agreement of the parts. Like seeing some past dead friend speak or face on the spiders back that seems too familiar and the spider's gait is one you know, is one you know. And there was robbery later, and children destroy a twenty foot spider's web that crosses the sky, and crush the spider with a stone, a melancholy man has been hanging in an abandoned building for two weeks, and two men on fire run from a concrete house. And the taste of moon fruit makes events seem smooth and a seamless opening closed. And we this little group stood beside the cement blocks and we painted them, and they took on the likenesses of colors - and color things - and there were simulated feelings of good cheers and we were well paid. And then this our group gathers the following day and converge



and comment on change and sameness and this is how we pass the time, as a calendar of of observation and comment in action. And each is partly in their hole of lava, cold to save them from sub-tropic heat, and wet and water pungent with mineral runs as waterfalls from polished alabaster walls - and shape it shifts as if a magic maze, when corridors are where just before they were not, and rooms emerge and volumes ripen and wither, and gaps collapse and look to be fit together by a master mason-. Earthquake brings such evolutions and it is so strong that even in the mind, it moves along and alters memories of all the things that may be moved, from day to day. And foreign bodies come, and places move to fit into a different person's set of past events, but still as if the dirty bitten center of a battery, a simple thing remains and is unmoved, and isn't even moved by naming it, and hands that go to grip or hold are suddenly and painfully pulled, and tendons catch over knuckles and bone and click and fingers pop as muscles make them open and close, so that nothing can be held without discomfort of the holding, and in that the holding is made more sure. In the cavities of twelve smaller cracks, there is accumulation of distinguishing talk and writing and words in many different forms. Becoming most like departments of emerging traditions we small group draw hard on several straws that vary in width, and like traditions we like in our guava gardens grow a second and a third mouth on our face and on our neck and along the jaw -and sip through various straws from smaller cracks, and so hard our veins will break and then through wider straws, we breathe and suck more freely, and life is more relaxed. I am watching, I have taken skin from dragon fruit and put it in the sun and watch the fading of the neon pink and see the cup shape pucker and collapse and geometric forms emerging from the sides are now just brittle brown and indistinct from shit, and no longer, they are not emerging, they have given up. There is a line that has no width on which it is impossible to stand, so many pile and close on one side and the other of the line - is this enough? Experience the nature of mass but not an edge - render up that body, that clumsy point, but far away it is a closer thing to gross geometry from far away experience is closer to the truer forms. CYCLE DOWN,

Nighttime is a stupor on the earth

when working sleeps

and freed to wander

with a switch turned off

using up the last turns of the key-  
and waiting for collapse when fish eyes,  
blank and flat, will come-

It was a universal role,  
that roles and roles,  
until, one day,  
it finds a wall  
and beats against it  
for the rest of time.

How would you know unless you went  
and waited, like the others,  
pick-up trucks, ice barges, crates of mangos,  
canned ham soaking in a puddle of vodka  
from a bottle that was dropped and broke in shards-

How would you know, if you didn't wait outside  
while the post office and the department store  
prepared to open..

I wonder would the smell escape  
if there was no grate..

would it fall in

on it self

Two weeks hanging from a beam,

and the mountains are never the same from day to day..

I am waiting on with caution while I ready for the time to serve...

I am volumes soft to loud that play a drama made of shapes containing sound...

I am the sensation you have when you are feeling to ill to eat but still are hungry...

I am the extra piece of the puzzle...

I am the plunging difference that blooms across my chest...

I am the boat caught in the seaweed out to sea beyond land...

I am the rise and fall of liquid used to measure in a vial...

I am the filter in the pipe which keeps you free from choking...

I am the foolish among the sound, the firm against the loose, the weed among the wheat,  
the...

I am the bowl you drop the key in, plus, an article of faith...

I am the glass orb seeing all the way around...

I am the juices that fill the bag...

I am the preparation of the skills needed to follow the path through the hills...

I am the mix of greatness, held below the pooriness...

I am the purpose blocked by a steel horizon...

I am the focused depths of scratching...

I am the substance of the color red mingling with stainless steel balls...

I am the singer with nine throats...

I am the story written by 12 undertakers...

I am the union of children without minds, who take from parents, and subjugate...

I am prophets of a thousand pathways, the eaters of foods on the run...

I am that that is the seed only, I am that that is the jism only...

I am the approach of a hyper-life, a dismissal of the material and a permanent dominance  
until passing, of the spirit...

Solid pack the messages into boxes, dense spaced words and image, rushes to the grain as does the juice of life, while then you stretch the word, in lines, phrases short with long plain between the fragments, feeding brain smally and shortly ...

And

I am the prism that is a door to windows, ...

I am various fruit combined to drink in pulp, but with cancelations of taste...

I am production not available to own...

I am available information to use to support fabrication of argument and opinion, as many as can be counted...

I am making order of uniform paper, in uniform stacks, in sequences of invisible criteria...

I am the darkening of light colors using smoke...

I am slow turning from a fixed point to any direction in a surrounding globe...

I am the rebirth of experimental artists of the last century ....

I am the insertion of the wedge, and the harvest of the sap of greatness in arts and intellectualism so hated in my country of origin...

I am the antithetical rejection and polar magnetism affecting self reference and the reference of intellectualism with intellectual discourse...

I am that that would ignore and through it sabotage the sacred low culture...

I am that that returns to each claim and fraction of ideas and expounds...

I am that that constructs compositions in the form of the classic emblem...

I am the inventor who holds no copy rite or patent who's grave is ready, with a wooden marker, with no name...

I am that that is taken and not acknowledged...

I am that that adapts to silence yet lives on...

I am that that moves in air as if in fluid...

I am the distended resurrection and correction...

I am the blue of blood after the red...

I am the breathing through the passage...

I am the one who crawls throughout a lifetime from one end of a tunnel toward the other...

I am the love between my mate and myself, filled as much as possible to the limit and edge of the autonomic system, which could be overridden by this encroaching mass...

I am the happiness and optimism bound as two combs with sadness and despair, which battle for supremacy internally and force the upper over-viewer to experience the one in entirety, then the other purely, back to back over extended time in which one SEEMS to gain dominance, though that as well alternates analogically...

I am the rubberization of the brittle...

I am the choice in the mandated procedure...

I am the movement alive through the stasis and the stiffness and the stillness...

I am the frozen stare in the powered eyes that dart like rabbits through the visual maze...

I am the sharpened arrow that is one thought, or a spear of impression – that may be descended from the thought, or precede it – I am that, that is a hardened ball of clay which started as a tendency of matter, which was sufficient to realize the creation as an act, the generation of proper conditions, and fabrication of substance that lend its existence to this initial tendency... I am, this cyclic circumstance...

I am theft and free giving, and indifferent victimization...and, the sharing without explicit permission...

I am the simultaneous experience of multiple perspectives, more than that understood in a brain by multiple senses or several eyes, but more like multiple brains, linked as the four stomachs of a cow which share a throat...

I am the thing which hopes its use of signs in a language will improve with use and submergence...

I am the object of a bracket with many slots, each the same as another, but in this, flexible, which may be adapted to display improvement as a concept from a first slot, to a last, in improving portions, displaying the effect as quantity, and in the last slot, imbedded there, a plan for a further bracket to follow, displaying quality as a concentration of substance, that seems reverse in physical aspects of the model, of the quantitative model...

I am being, I am defense, and involvement before I know, I am born late in life into what I am, but take it on from subconscious stem...

I am the rubberized bracket with slots that stretch, with slots that snap when stretched, but form then two slots from the one pulled...

I am strength when my outer form is plunged into unfamiliar...

I am the patience of fermentation...

I am the exchange of unequal goods...

I am a force that distinguishes and I am an education demanding to be fed, as I have a demanding appetite for my effort

I am MUTUALIZATION... of seven bodies of food types, and 300 food preparations from one material, such as cartilage...

I am the fixed of the broken rods, using glue and tape...

I am training and conditioning...

I am the rebuilt so to be as new but with a log of history...

I am a preparation that brings health to small areas on its application, but which causes atrophy when more broadly applied...

I am a depository of mechanical equipment, levers and gears that may be unearthed from the ground where buried in metal canisters they are the pillow allowing the fearful one to sleep at night...

I am the unprepared, and the one who lives on faith that there is no need to plot survival beyond an imagined devastation...

I am the festering and the lively stew where ingredients are elements in future compounds...

I am the modification of a stationary thing to a mobile thing, on wheels, and then a portable thing, stripped of unnecessary weight, and made smaller with replacement elements of reduced mass-...

I am one supply that encourages one variety of culture from use, which diminishes, and is replaced by a second supply, which stimulates a second kind of culture...

I am a fished out planet...

I am a series of reductions using bi-products of a first source...

...like the artist thinks, who spends the time alone, and selfish, that there is destiny in choices, to have child, to marry, to influence, to lead a life with designed purpose, ...

Destiny destiny destiny, ...

I am the anticipation of the next moment...

I am the sustained work and confidence...

I am suspension of outer engagement of lower gears, moving, larger, not, and lower brought to peace, in movement, turning, unreleased, invisible, withheld for purpose, in reserve, etc...

I am the only who looks out this way, I am not the only only...

I am the surface of one hour, and the muscle of the next, while the organs of the following, and the skeleton of a final hour...

I am always but not apparent with short interruption of presence...

I am light but heavy on feet, weighty and small posts to balance on, flat long platforms with a tiny pin that's balance on the top, and small brained tightly packed...

I am the hair color, or eyelids, but not the eye color, I am some body part but not the skin, I am passed on of height, but not the shape of my head...

I am adventure I would imagine for another, I am adventure of the future shared...

I am the unused time squandered, the exhibition of the product of task in a labor museum or propaganda pamphlet...

I am the thing an elder says is wasted time in pursuing – I am leisure and essence of an art...

I am flesh and blood turned to stone...

I am long commitments...

I am an existence in this world, I have influence of being...

I am the sweat of torment...

I am sweat of lovemaking with her...

I am the heat in Taiwan...

I am a culmination, I am the present condition leading to a future partly determined and largely unwritten...

I am the living into the next day...

I am the resting place on the mountain ledge ...

I am the exercise that clears the mind...

I am the one word that replaces the three...

I am to scuttle low culture...

I am to shave letters from the ends and the beginnings of words...

I am four seasons compressed...

I am shorthand for life extension...

I am the one who must find a more subtle plan...

I am the line of objects in single file row stretching across the galaxy...

I am a fear of extinction...

I am one charging with elbow up...

I am only remembering everything having to do with fish...

I am transforming image to sound, to a language, to an object, to a live experience, and back to the first in a ring...

I am that that is missing appointments...

I am that that is simply driven, I am that that is compelled by overriding of plans imposed by front brain, I am the suppression of the back...

I am the sequence of a follower, and am followed by the leader...

I am the appearance of stone but made from paper...

I am the one on its way whose neck will not turn the head back...

I am the safety latch that is broken...

I want my wife...

I am praying...

I am learning how to be solid as if poured...

I am learning how to age...

I am the post driven into the ground in a field of blades of grass, each blade a different shading of the blade next to it, so that there are many millions upon millions of blades of grass, and the field is a flowing in waves of color in all degrees, and the grass is tall, so when

the wind is blowing, the waves of color are complimented and excelled by the waves of movement, all in ripples, all in dynamic flux...

I am the fence over which I jumped to pass a test in my youth, so I could win a badge, and I am the nail on which I was caught and was ripped, for which I achieved nothing...

I am the postal address, and I am the familiarity with the surrounding which allows me a place, which gives me feelings of belonging and safety, and which I should reject to following the drives of the spirit... i am the one who is going away...

I am as the torn muscle which comes back stronger...

I am the one who should submit to direction, but who dismisses it and strips it of power...

I am the tightened entity among the slackened...

I am the projection of egotism on the events, thinking I am center and cause...

I am the happiness of a manic upswing...

I am the oceanic splash, I am the depths of the oceanic fall...

I am the crab on the beach, I am the eater of decomposition, I am the champion of composition...

I am the swallower, I am the spewer...

I am the table standing on three legs,

I am the chair with the sunken seat...

I am the column of gas...

I am the organizer and the tangle of weeds...

I am the changing state in the middle of a chemical reaction of parts...

I am the confusion...

I am the struggle in a jar of a dumb brain and a smart brain...

I am a selection of specimens from abandoned gardens...

I am finger exercises for developing independent movement...

I am deposits of bone radiating around small fractures...

I am a symbol for rotation of large machinery, which must be accomplished with several lifts and hoists...

I am the struggle for vulgar possession...

I am the wakefulness and the influential power of the softest whisper...

I am contained, and I am boxed and secured by ropes, and I am the prematurely entombed solution to a forgotten problem...

I am the underneath of most things that has received less attention than the sides or the top...

I am last stages of the crumbling...



I am the verbal equivalent of the moss growing on the boulder that is emitting an acid, slowly corroding the host...

I am as the urchin with its tiny stingers, reaching out to fish...

I am an answer that prompts many questions, and when I am done being that, I am the question with as many answers...

I am a solid understanding, and an insecurity like a water vapor...

I am the coupled thing that must have a partner, and I am the partner before it that has no needs...

I am rough and I am tide-like...

I am the perception of the things I perceive...

I am this, as evidence of my being as a living thing...

I am the continuation of the past time in a gradual expansion of some aspect, as seemed most natural to evolve, and I am the next rendering of this project, which expands a second aspect in a like way... I am as like two options for one life...

I am the softest singing voice of a sea mammal...

I am the desire that wants eternity for its own purposes...

I am an inflated sack a moment before it ruptures...

I am the conclusion that comes before trial...

I am what must be externally engaged to grow...

I am teething on a wooden dowel...

I am that flat area with mounds surrounding, and a place of boiling clouds...

I am a three tiered surface with digestion flowing in a river across the floor...

I am that below the street, ...

I am on the fifth floor of the Taipei public library... they close in fifteen minutes, it is raining outside, I am reading books in English...

I am wading through...I am imagining and I am wondering what is possible...and what parts of imagining are beyond...

I am the essence of a storage unit of a relative with unknown contents...

I am the demand, for what is needed, and the demand, for what should be discarded...

I am what never grew away from the tiny town, I am the one who stayed, and became as a child...

I am punctuations in a broth, at first an indentation which disappears into the regained surface...

I am the stranger who notices all the doorways and planters on a rainy night, as he walks by, like he has never seen before...

I am also another stranger, who is using his sense of smell for the first time – he doesn't know quite what it means...

I am that hovering, between familiar discomforts and the surprise of nextness, and the impossibility of complete transformations from one species to another – I am that that mutates through a generation, our hybrid children... this is a vision, and keeps reality in place, that there is a doorway of the possible that leads through into the impossible, and that is how most things are transformed...

I am that unlikely pollution of workable parts, a grit that coats them, which seems to come from nowhere, and suddenly, and makes them each act as if filled by some bad spirit, behaving unpredictably and oppositely the purposes they were developed for -...

I am the special exit opening which allows departure but not reentry – in a later time, I become the opening which allows entry but not exit - , I am not sure which should come first in a system, or which was devised first for it- and, if it was devised FROM the inside, or out...

I am twelve information sources for one thing, and one informational source for twelve things...

I am the shared items on a tabletop left by a previous tenant in an apartment in Indonesia...

I am various test preparations made while dreaming...

I am the shoes which must be discarded in time because they grow too large...

I am the trance dancer who after ten hours of movement and exorcism returns to quietly tend his chickens in the isolated village...

Evasive Principle of the canvas, with the canvas space so obviously not the center of any event, but a side-line that is slipping away from the observer out of the frame- this is how, you must tip something so the weight is an ineffective doorstep, so that entry is possible by appropriate means of evading the system by stepping in from outside while the systems' world is tipped within ANOTHER world through the air like a plane descending to a runway and landing on it the plane in movement, the runway stopped, and then the plane is stopped, and then the world resumes of lines and taxis moving out the contents of the plane OUT into the second world.

So all of this, with the exception of the Mind Matters, whose use(s) we agree are best expressed as an extra energetic input, like a secret power switch or an overdrive, or a nitrous or oxygen tank to boost the fuel effectiveness on a street race car, may be placed in parallel slots to tip a bit for forming that entry point, let us say back to earth to center a "piece" on- a material, - a measure of time, - a quantity of force, a vehicle to move, -and a place to exist at once. Any of these, like sequential numbers on a dial, may be turned to, at the angle of descent required of the entry point.; they may be turned to in a series, they

may be jumped to, from forward and back, repeated, but not at one time, as time is one of these aspects, and will lend itself, but cannot be more than the central choice (entry point) once, while it is being time, as it cannot exist as two aspects at once. If this were to occur, there would be no movement and no distinction that allows the opposition of evasion, as time won't occur within itself, and the aspects are then a mixture, and not a compound; the elements, or, aspects as I more comfortably call them, retain an elemental integrity because they are stripped to their basic form already. A compounding is a move into another world, and one that can't exist within the performative space which operates firstly from evasion. Elemental distinction is always present, and always necessary. If there were a god, this is how he would have it.

Let us say we wish to begin from some notion of a flight from oneself. This has no aspect quality or form, as we said, but is an influence, on a magnetic force that may be generated by one of the aspects that exhibit qualities we know, time, substance, vehicles, those. So we tip our machine and find our entry point of choice, and go about landing on our runway. Perhaps this will be in material that we wish to flee ourselves. Material may require time, so a secondary aspect may stream along beside material in a mixture. Fleeing the self may find a kindred energy in a brain matter imprint perhaps of memory, but this will only give the flight from self a shape, and not a body on which to extend itself. Can material be extended twice? We must keep in mind that these are imaginary stops of a world that moves and evades- remember the Mondrian paintings- everything is already in place, is already moving, is already existing despite our choices and distinctive selections. We are plugging in our eyes, this is all. So let us try to choose to use material to be evasive of ourselves with from a material aspect. How effective can this be? As a dominant aspect, we are existing with a little twig within a world that wishes maybe to hunt us, and perhaps all we have is diminutive size- material world will know our moves however we make them if we couple ourselves with some diminished form of the world, because the material world will exist in that twig and this will be like a beacon indicating its presence with the evasive self holding on. Like the parallel lines in a Mondrian painting that extend beyond the canvas, we may think the lines will never meet, but if evasive performance is to depend on these lines and their natures, we must assume, for our own safety, that they will converge at some point in space beyond the canvas, and pierce us like on two crossing knitting needles. And because of the supernatural relationship of elemental material, which because they have identical resonance they are constantly informed of location and direction of individual portions of it, I must expect to be found out and not produce a successful evasive performance, and will then be confronted with myself, my greatest fear. Go then into the choice of a material world with a secondary aspect of time/ duration, or of a spatial placing about which your movement through it time might stream, and time would stream around material and reveal its hiding shape to you, and let you step away, or duck and hide again.

Sadness, fear, paranoia, love can all be very driving energies, like this additive to fuel, injecting to a standard magnetic motivator of the mind a powerful push of flight. While emotions and feelings seem unmeasurable quantities and qualities, they cannot be discounted and deemed irrelevant simply because of problems with perception. They are in fact what they are at any given time, like the highest note you can sing right now, and the lowest note you can sing right now. They are measurable in that they can be dealt with as relative, and very specific, and in relativity, using time, forming them through the time aspect in the moment, they are absolute and extremely exacting values. So, but using an "aspect", time, of our evasive performative world, we can generate a mini-system through which we may progress forward into evasion, with momentary, and hence, multi-valued feast of feelings, which, because of their relative quantities, can be powerfully unpredictable allies in evading the predatory aspect (the dominant aspect in the world) of our choice.

This is a textual evasion. I have not generated a descriptive form of performance, but have rather used up (in, used in) time to evade performing or generating performing that is specifically descriptive enough to tip the world to enter and begin to perform. Rather, I have used the mind matter conjoined with intellectual repetition and practice to not work, to sit still in time, evasive through a use of languages' words to come to a relationship with the action I might do or have done within the time I had perhaps allotted for it, but rather I thought and made expression regarding what this act might have to be or not be to be accurately realized and be a legitimate performance in keeping with some world I could only perceive through eyes that I would plug into it that are imaginary. This has been successful to this point; but, I have found myself out- I have seen what I was doing when I decided I would now write some descriptive material that would help me realize a piece of performance art using this first principle, and I found I had become so restrictive, that I could not move to make something within my thoughts which had decided instinctively and on their own to generate an illustrative example of evasive performance through sedentary self deception, and it was a performance which had a failed, sad ending as I fell out of the corner of this world when it was shown to me by myself that I had been evasive to escape myself, and as soon as that was clear, that this escape involved thought-ing itself and not performing, I caught up to myself, and being caught up, I could no longer flee, I was caught. So, I had failed to perform, and was exposed to myself, though I had evaded for some time. So the performance was successful.

So now, rather exhausted, I will move on to described a brief set of actions that may make use of some of this, but also exist as "bad example" as I already know I will break some of the laws that govern.

I choose a central aspect through which to enter. This is an evasive action in space. I enter the space world with a set of parallel materials that will of course inform each other of their presence. I will however attempt to evade several particulars of the all material stream as it moves through the space aspect. I have several four foot long dowels. I have a large black felt cloth which is perhaps six feet by six feet square. I cut several holes in it with scissors. I am careful not to look, not to care where I cut. I have a second sheet of material. This is a sheet of plastic PVC clear sheeting like you would put over a window to insulate it against the cold in the winter. I also cut many little holes in this using scissors, paying no special attention to where I cut. Then, beginning with the first black felt sheet, I poke a dowel underneath, making a little black tent as I go, prodding around the inside of the sheet. I expect eventually, the dowel will slide through one of the holes. I don't know what I will do when this happens. I know I can pull the dowel out, or I can leave it. I can flee the hole, or take another dowel, because I know I have more dowels. I also know that there are more holes. I don't know if I want to try to save the dowels and not use them, or pull them out, or move on, taking another dowel, and prodding underneath, perhaps trying to not hit a hole and make the performance longer by having more dowels for longer. I also know I have a piece of clear PVC sheeting which also has holes. Though it is clear, and the holes are too, I might be able to see the holes, and avoid them. I may wish to go on to the clear sheet and not continue with the black one at all. Or, I may wish to go on to the clear one, and close my eyes, because it is clear and I might be able to see it better, and perhaps avoid the holes and have a very long performance. While this piece is not in time, but is in space as my central aspect. I may choose delay, because, as this is space and not time, delaying may mean something else. I may at some point choose to delay as of means of evading this series of decisions and problems.

I should name something and I will call it first "the invisible source." This is the unsaid, something whose nature is not even alluded to for fear of revealing some weakness or secretive part of participant/evader/performer/artist's life. The generic term for the invisible source will be BlackBox. The blackbox needn't be present- in fact, it would be highly unlikely that it would be so available to be perceived. The first evasion of the blackbox then is the flight into a different space, a space where events objects, discomforts, and relations of the unspoken blackbox have not existed. This clean safe room begins untainted, and the task at hand must be sustaining the clinical room and keeping out the blackbox, which is of course carried in, in a dormant form within the evader. The "box" is a structure of containment, cobbled out of fear that the substances contained may seep, or spread or grow beyond the aspects of events and matter that gave them rise. It is like an object that may move through a circulatory system, influencing operations to which it is unrelated, using manufacturing means it finds to make its own food, and expand and exaggerate its nature until the substance of the box becomes a parody of events and matters, and its host, a cartoon of a life whose outward demeanor is one of extreme

depiction and suggestions, like the metaphorical tableau of deadly sins, emblematic, obvious and transparent to the reading. . The contents of the blackbox being typically historical events or materials which contain in them a negative or destructive force, hence, the evasion, to an individual, may be suppressed by a refocusing of the senses through which it would sustain its image and reproduce itself. This refocusing may most easily take place in the fresh, different space as chosen as a means to evade the blackbox. The refocus can gain a foothold and fill the space as yet unoccupied by the hostile influences, and create a buffer around the artist/performer/participant of another life, another activity or vocation that masks the one whose past choice patterns generated the contents of the blackbox. So this new activity or vocation has nothing to do with interest, ability or innate compulsions; it is the representation of that as it might occur in another, not the artist/performer whose purpose now is to evade. So we have morphically worked our way toward two possible evasive maneuvers that may be employed in dealing with the black box. Repetition/ brain matter refocusing, and physical self negation- the repetition of a factory, or the filling of time as demanded by a repetitious act, or one which is very intricate, demanding of attention, or of maximum involvement of energy/ speed, and focus. For someone outside of the artist/performer, the blackbox may not be apparent at all, but at some point, it will be clear that something other is in the room, present perhaps by an absence, but clearly influential; otherwise, the motivation of the performer would be lacking, and there would be no activity at all. The blackbox will be implied. With a blackbox aversion, there is no other space location or specific fear. Evasion swells up from within, and these techniques described will block the arrival to the surface of the seed held inside. So while aversion to the space is senseless, aversion to the inside of oneself is sensible. The repetitious act, the intricate demand of attention to a duty is a way to move aside, first to block, and then, if this fails, to diminish oneself to such a degree that detection by ones blackbox is unlikely; through negation of the self through its subjugated use (at a job, a duty, and repetition to some end not advancing the artist's self) by an appropriated outside force. This force is appropriated because it is a mask, a disguise; it is not a real purpose- it is a blind to hide the evader. If the appropriated force were analyzed, it would be revealed to contain none of the long term or deeper facets that make work or a job an exchange. There would only be the appearance of the reciprocal relationship. It would be all surface act, with nothing to stabilize or secure the performer, who must of course be free to flee at a moments notice, as the blackbox may rise on a surge from inside at any time, most especially during periods of fatigue and the weakness of doubt which must eventually find its way in.

Yet what we describe it seems is a very aggressive generation of force to shield against, to build walls which is perhaps in some way not evasive at all. While it evades by negating for instance knowledge of some topic or aspect that might be identified with the blackbox fears, it confront the outer sense, which is a secondary fear value, which has been

diminished or strained such that its recognition does not bring on the body of fear itself, or if you will, fear's skin, and this is sufficient to notify the active energies that engage materials and the other evasive aspects, that this work must be done, that the monster, which may remain unnamed in this way, is at the gate. We may then think at this point that a symbol system might be evolved, a set of equivalents, that develop through the conscious effort to generate discursive subdivisions, like the ancient categories, or more naturally, though albiet risky use of trial and error, where what is led to happens as the useless falls away of its own accord, and what remains is an organic series or method of harmless duplication; pictures, like the reflection of Medusa, and not the image itself, and so, like that reflection, a harmless indication which is useful in the pursuit of evasion, and not harmful- not a part of it. So the next step might be then, how do you attach these symbols to what they represent, IN REAL TIME? This seems important to me as a possibility. If pursuit takes place in real time, how will detached, or stationary symbols help us, beyond a usefulness in developing strategies for future aversions? It seems, that as blackbox is the most volatile and unpredictable of the threats that hunt us, with its irrational nature and secretive, perhaps supernatural powers of mind reading, an ineffective (harmless, like a vaccine derived from the disease) reflection might be useful as a warning as to locations and movements at any given time. Perhaps, too, where the symbol is a kind of compression or stripping of those negative natures contained within the blackbox, as we said also, the skin, it might be so much lighter than, and move with more ease, and more quickly than the blackbox, while still indicating effectively the nature of movements, directions, emergence of dominating contents. Working with these symbols would be useful as an impotent or practice representation of actual battle, or practical training for when these actual combats take place. This is like practice field battle- but how effective can a practice be if there is no consequence? Is real but friendly fire any less deadly than enemy fire? Perhaps we can subject ourselves to an earnest application of these symbols where they have been "leaded"; while the blackbox seeks complete raising, a "leaded" symbol would know to stop in the case of a fatal event; too late perhaps, but at least at one's own hand- and engage in practice, not in the combat that as we know, a direct event must end it the loss of the performer. It is impossible for a performer/artist to combat directly with his/her blackbox. The blackbox knows and is all about the weakness it can resonate like a sound hole for the performer/artist. You cannot win against the amplification of this dark part of yourself. And the blackbox is itself a resonator, a narrower of focus, and a channel for everything that builds upon itself with the beat of every moment it exists in time, in time that with its waves builds from now to next backbone and support lapsing back and forth and pushing harder and tighter in the same amount of space until it registers as weight and weight alone, and then, as gravity, and this is most fearful of fear, when it becomes attractive.

It becomes your death wish. Moth to flame.

Something must pull you away. In your performing/ art making world, you are alone and on a battlefield truly enough." Friendly" leaded bullets or enemy blackbox, practice or an ultimate battle, your life may end and that is the last that you will know of the performance. Like the Mondrian painting, evasive performing is an excerpt. There is no complete piece but for the body of work, which is the only form that truly will have beginning and end, and this is not arbitrary- it is begun at the beginning of the notation or the first retained object/ construction, and ends with the last, regardless of interruption or circumstance. The choice of artist to do this or that is always arbitrary, as arbitrary as deciding that something finished when the artist says it is. The truth that all the bad movies that are about artists know, and the truth that every un or undereducated person on the street knows, which is correct, is that artists, more than any other person in any walk of life, regarding himself and his product and essential being and what describes him/her self, are completely full of shit. They are dangerously self deluded, and risk plunging into that self destructive state at the drop of a hat, which most plumbers, carpenters and city workers mostly miraculously are able to avoid. While artists may like to think they can lead the world into the future with their utopian bibles and rituals of communion and love, they are about as shamanistic as an onion bag full of babies diapers. I am being extreme here because this is an extreme situation. The least able to guide has given themselves the torch. So, in terms of the performer and the evasion properties he/ she wishes to employ to engage in a performance structure that would illustrate evasive properties, we should look elsewhere, again, like with the leaded friendly fire of the training exercise, we should look to the operations of the existing world, to what works and to what is effective in glossing results and serving purpose. We can model an effect symbolic mimicry from something of the world. Not a job, but a way in which something gets done with economy and some speed.

But before this happens, there is more to muse about. Is there perhaps a counteractive blackbox, is there perhaps a- whitebox? What would a whitebox mean? Would it perhaps share some of its content (which must forever be specifically unnamed) with blackbox, and maybe is whitebox blackbox in a different time, or setting? Is it identical? Is it a trick? As the distinction of white vs black suggests, the two boxes might best be given definitions of opposition. The definition(s) should account for some flexibility, accounting for the possibility of some special conditions, degree, and circumstances of opposition which might separate a local condition for a broader or more universal state. Questions arise though regarding the distinction between two potential boxes, and if the idea of opposition is sound. First, if both must be kept in this silent or invisible state, how affirming or positive can any content therein really be? The assumption is that nothing invisibly contained can be of a positive or affirmative nature, which we perhaps cannot know to any certainty. We may generate sets of "believable" conditions by which we may decide on individual circumstance/ events' similarity and belonging. Circumstance/ events' not easily matching



a set of predetermined criteria would perhaps be "logged" separately or simply pushed through into the set as not being sufficiently different to warrant separation, and this would be the degree to which a group or set of circumstance/ events would be reliable. Circumstance/ events that were clearly separate in nature from the pre-established model group(s) would be placed in a group that would later be digressively strained into legitimate new entities, and generate other forms outside of "groups" if the problem of individual or indefinable circumstances/events became too many to manage. So, the divisions of perceived positive and negative evasive material becomes more a qualitative judgment for purposes of structural or material division. The unspoken contents of these boxes are simply assumed to be unspoken, and, not negative as much as needing to be evaded, and from there, their criteria of distinction would determine which box. Then, the idea of a white and a black box would be useful in performance terms; the catalog of responses, emotions and personal history values would all allow these boxes to become resonant to individual performers/ artists who may have their own sets of circumstance/event responses to materials that are encapsulated and unspoken. The fact of performance with these materials might suggest then the continuation of additions, in performance time, to these boxes. They are perhaps activated, embellished or increased in some proportion to their use or relevance to an art application.

"Evasive skills" describes adaptations, mechanisms built and reinforced through use, and natural predisposition to most effectively elude the beasts of pursuit. The evasive tool set is drawn from outside the regions of art. As the beasts of the blackbox and of pursuant entities are from the cracks of living and not from the act of art making, they require life skills and skills learned in the field of living to confront them. This than is a "skillbox" that may hold these skills together in an ever accessible form, moving and passing so to be close at hand at any time- ready to be applied and put to use against the forces that gave rise to them and gave them form. This all seems very practical until you start reimagining the source of this pursuit again, which happens to be creating generative principles and mechanism for evasive, or, topical-non-topical performing. All theory all the time must be looked at and evaluated for performance equivalents.

A further variant is possible with these boxes. An aspect or topic might be catalogued in blackbox; perhaps something that generates shame, or pride- that is run from in the mind if the performer- but then, the perception of this aspect may change- an event or merely time itself allows a maturing that alter outlook- and do those aspects of previous loathing themselves change? We transform them with our relation to them- the dark lightens, the light falls into shadow- and they gravitate toward a new relationship with the aspects of their kind- the dark forge new ties and insinuations with the other elements of negative definition, while some other aspects are raised up and knit with new threads of shared meaning and value. This presents another front or field of action for the performer, a new

space in which to evade, with new forces of relative values that spring from the perceptions of the artist which like the field of battle and play, will become something else simply through the passage of time.

So this is the second rendering of the Evasive Performing sample previously given. A long dowel (wooden rod) is painted white. A black felt blanket has some small holes cut in it like constellations. A heavy metal pipe is introduced- the performer tries to hold onto it as he does the other acts he must do. It will fall to the floor it must be expected, periodically. The performer, after cutting holes, puts the scissors into a pocket and draws the black felt blanket over his head. He then proceeds to raise the black blanket with the white dowel, running it around the inside of the blanket like a tent post. The white dowel comes out through the holes when it finds them. The performer pulls it back through and hoists the blanket back up overhead, which has slid down the poke through the hole. This is done numerous time. The performer is allowed to move slowly across the available space with this circumstance, picking up, trying to hold, and dropping the pipe on the floor as he goes. He tries to keep the pipe under where the blanket is. After moving across a fair amount of the space in this way, the performer draws up close to the floor- the blanket and dowel sort of collapse on top of him- he is hidden still, under the blanket. Now, he reaches out from underneath the blanket so his hand is visible. In this hand is a dowel perhaps two feet in length. The performer holds it upright in his hand so that one end of it is on the floor, the other has his palm cusped over it. He begins to emerge from underneath the blanket, pulling himself forward using this dowel as if it were a cane. The performer tries to keep himself vertically even with the height of the "cane." This means he must hunch over, like a rounded backed man. Or be even flatter, on knees. He moves forward with the cane, blanket still partly draped over him. Now, several awkward steps forward, he produces a second dowel with the other hand. It is also placed one end on the floor and the other end cusped by the palm. The performer goes then from left hand weight/ moving, lowering the body to the height of that hand's cane when moving forward, to following the other hand with its cane, which is must small, and forces the performer to flatten himself out on the floor and crawl to keep even with the short cane's height. So, from advancing with one hand and cane, with its own unique height level, to the other hand to guide, with its own height level, the performer moves forward and away from the performing space. An attempt is made to keep the metal pipe, beneath the blanket and rolling on the floor, following the performer as he advances with the strange cane following. The piece has ended. Maybe he gets to the edge of the room. Post note: This piece, performed after this writing for the first time at Mobius International Festival in 2006 as WblackboxW was expanded and changed. The above material was used with the following additions and changes; The metal pipe, which was 6 feet long and 5 inches in diameter was used to contain all the other materials initially. The metal pipe was introduced, picked up, rolled, and finally, flung- up into the air as high as possible, and against a brick wall, with as much force as possible- this was done

almost to an exhausting state- this "blackbox" became apparent here- an access to an invisible or secret energy or source material which was off-stage or absent in topic. After the flinging, the pipe was rolled to a more central location in the space- and the materials were pulled out of it. Additional to the materials previously described, there were pieces of stationary paper, and envelopes as well. instead of one white stick, there were four or five white sticks of different lengths- the were used in the crawling segment alternately, and the height of my body was made to match the height of the cane as I used it out before me- so I was adjusting my crawl to fit this "measure." In addition to the crawling, the papers are stuffed into the envelopes- while also trying to balance sticks, cloth and pipe in arms- trying to keep them cradled and off of the floor at al times. Finally, when all the acts have been performed, the materials are rolled up and once again stuffed back into the pipe as best possible- and a final fling or two of the pipe in the air and against the brick wall- by this time I am completely exhausted and can hardly throw. "That's all I got."

It is time to reduce the verbal equivalent to a plane that is more. Words that seek to define a principle of evasion which is not an intellectual practice but a physical response or intuitive leap of faith in one's own blazing light need to reflect that direct nature and capacity. Are these types of word strings the beginning of this? Or do we need to further remove ourselves from our received forms and use our mouths with select positions of its apparatus to emit sounds that may be words without definitions as a means of redirecting ourselves to deal with materials and circumstances and situations like we are atoms of a new and unfamiliar element, not sure where to go, or what to form compounds with-

The floor will be dry- you can put a fan on it, you can place an electric blanket(s) over it like in a matrix- to cover the entire floor, if you think it is wet- or if you have wet it- Extended Material on Absence and its related manifestation of surrogate performing

Absence is a lens a compounder and a fictionizer-. With absence may come an excessive and obsessive repetition of a small number of facts, impressions and images encountered and gathered while the object of absence was near or accessible. These repetitions may be repeated inwardly until they are known in every nuance and from every direction. These repetitions may become ritualized. They may be scriptural and idealized, given elemental resonance- they may be used to reflect, or, used as a lens to perceive everything which is not the ritual- everything else then becomes things pertaining to the ritual- or things that reflect it, or can be understood through the repetition.

The initial material of absence may also be compounded. It may be built on, as with scripture and, secondarily, and commentary texts- as with the lens aspect of the material, a system may be developed to explain everyTHING that is not it, through it. This compounding may extend to greatly varied form from the original incidentally formal

structures- poetry, fictional extensions, and even prophecy values may be given and expounded on in an attempt to stretch this material so that it may appear forever new, renewable, and living, though the original source of transmission is long since closed down.

Also then, the expounding, the rituals, or the secondary developments may all be attempts to reconnect- to the lost source, or, more specifically, to find a new means to contact- diverted from conventional or originally successful means to communicate or contact, it perhaps becomes a project of finding any means that seems to suggest results or some responsive signs that might indicate a remote response or acknowledgment. This may mean developing additional means of decoding or value giving or coding/ decoding what might on the surface appear to be conventional and commonplace. Data, occurrences, or materials. This is then a potential development of a science, or, an esoteric or occult tradition- where a system of testing and evaluation is given, or a prophetic or occult interpretation, where the absence/ presence is always assumed, and merely then sought after through relevant symbolism, interpretation of subtle but "normal" variation in conventional material-, and so forth. While absence principles may share in aspects of Evasion, and the inverse, Absence will at any given time, being that the two principle sets may exchange aspects and values and appear to reverse, be the complete opposite in the first aspect of force, of Aversion. Absence is a gravitational attractive force, a drawing to or drawing toward that is a fixed value and does not change. It is all about attraction and return- aspects may shift- more generally from the direction of Evasion to absence, but the essential and distinguishing value of absence remains solid. It is attractive and magnetic, though never repulsive as magnetic force can be made to be; the analogy is a limited one and needs to be qualified with digressive and binary-type reductions. These reductions have been perform in part along the way in this writing, and will continue to be employed more emphatically.

A phrase to put down but not expound- Invisibility and Absence-. This and its meaning will be worked into texts that follow. Another phrase for development and enhancement- The Transparencies and Ironies of Principles Derived and Abstracted from Personal Loss or Grief, and the Pursuit of a Distant Love-. Also- Sacrifice, the Idealization of Beauty, and a Priesthood, and the Emergence of Resulting Multileveled Caste of Devoties and the Commitment to this as a Social Disease -.

And more phrasology- The necessity of drug intoxication at moderate levels to sustain a workable balance between physical reality in which to function on a surface, continuous level, and the use of chemical alternations in excess, and ITS place in sustaining the illusion of closeness to the object by a removal of the obstical of "reality" as it dictate physical proximity, and the knowledge of the nature of absence or distance, and the belief in

physical nature firstly, and the reality of the insurmountable and what that excess means to sustainable daily, continuance levels (abandonment to the absent object)

Surrogate performing is a distillation of what exists in artistic interpretation to some extent, but not completely, firstly, or of dominant importance. Surrogate performing first is someone performing as another person. This is not the actor/role circumstance, but rather a performer representing themselves as another person, the author of a specific work, the performer either unidentified, or, identified as blank, performing as blank, not playing blank or replacing. The second aspect, which is derived from this and partly explained by it, is the extent to which this surrogate exchange is extended. The performer should become the other. They function as, but to become this other in performance, they must become more than the presented material- they must be inside the mind of this other, to be close to the work, to be able to spontaneously part of the realization, and this can be expected to happen in several ways. There is research, which would allow extended facts as background, there are remote collaborative efforts that may be affective, and there is a functional ritual, occult or religious aspect that would allow a transformation to take place, a temporary becoming that would transcend as the religious would say, the material and the flesh. The performance would operate in a transcendent space, where equivalents and source are indistinguishable.

There is room within the surrogate performing principle or model to expand and or subdivide the topic into criteria that would hasten toward a theory. The nature and particular distinctions of these modal elements becomes obvious and clearly delineated as they are exposed. They will first be akin to stereotypical personality pointers, a thumbnail character study of a "type" which is something (a form) already in existence in literature as an obscure literary form which is called the Character, or, the English Character, which will be explored and explained here, and associated literary and period science constructions, such as the very characteristic and character oriented deadly sins, virtues, and the humors, as developed through early medical study, as well as interrelational models and templates, for instance a music reference to modes, which preceded our key signature system, and which worked together to allow the use of scale combinations to form melodies and harmonies, as well as key centers, and what was called the gamut, which was the entirety represented by these modes combined. Just in this way, personality aspects could work together, overlap or in tandem to cover the field of possible surrogate functioning, so to generate a clear outline or template regarding a systematic procedure for attaining a affective surrogate relationship.

Another important aspect this surrogate performing introduces is an additional light cast on the idea of the art collective. Identity, authorship, independence, collaboration and

interchangeable nature are all elements significantly in play and being modified here, and the meaning of the art collective itself in light of this principle.

This use of the word "surrogate" of course begs the questions raised by a simple partial return to the source of its appropriation, and through extension allowed by our "new" use, touching on more broadly surrogate lives, with the dizzying possibilities of actual surrogate finance, shelter, labor, and love and sex lives, and the philosophical spheres spun out by each of these and all of their combinations and progeny.

The original purpose of the surrogate function for us can be clarified. The purpose is first to make available remote works and performers in local settings- this can not always be done because of distance and funding. A quick answer or patch on this difficulty is a change of identity or a surrogate relationship where one functions as another. This saves time and travel expense if done reasonably, and also introduces a richer quality of relationship between artists who must become something other than slaves to the various but same indenturements that they are subjugated to as part and parcel of the artist's life.. Surrogate performing may allow some amount of personal control of destiny extending beyond conventional strictures that limit us all frequently and necessarily to forms of time, limits on our appetites, and general desires.

### Special Flattened States and Ambiance of Absence

Many things that may seem uneventful or bland as focal spectacles within a field are simply operational qualifiers of that field, and to view or perceive as the "subject" is both incorrect and meaningless. Qualifiers imbedded in a field operate rather as a pivot point or pinion from which the structural cohesion of the shape of this field may be folded or does in fact fold, may be bent for adaptations (a field's use may be far reaching if sufficiently variable- literally- of variable values as in an algebraic equation-)and modified in performance time to generate this subject, missing due to special absence- due to conditions set by evasion as a formative principle at the time of composition, while evasion in this case in performance where a special ambiance is obvious- sets a stage that is magnetic to a subject- regardless of a subject's existence- the hole created by a magnetic space of absence forces a subject to exist in expectation- and this as much as matter, in the psychological manifestation of "fill" or "completion" which is more of a brain affect-.

In familiar ambiguities related to "to be", "is", and other word values, looking at the state of a performance, as it were, in a "flattened" state, one whose "completion" may have been in quiet off stage composition from which the center of performance has fled, we can see the possibility is clear for states of flattening and ambiance of Absence which are centered while existing in a condition of presence that draws from audience, to viewer, to a broader

term of audience and viewer as performer and composer, and stage presence (actor, performer, surrogate other which complicates the matter by multiplication, but which can be done here too) through an additional step of fill or completion that is neither psychological nor brain mattered, but, rather, logical, unambiguous, and permanent. So, this is then a third form that is NEITHER fill nor completion, but which serves the function of both and is not a relative value- it must be than rather a fixed value such as PI is within equations that may contain only relative or symbolic algebraic values and be perfectly fine. An example may be useful to illustrate the possible reality of this third function without yet attempting to name it, and it will be an example that illustrates based on this objects ironic absence. Say you have one hundred chairs that are all identical, one hundred identical chairs. To visualize them, let us say that they are all orange plastic seats, with chrome metal tubing that loops around to form the supporting base (a loop instead of legs) and sides that are fitted into the molded plastic. There are one hundred of these. Let us say we want to locate individuals of these identical chairs without marking them, and be able to return to the exact or any exact chair at any point and be correct in our identification- let us say that environmental locations of these chairs will be a relative and of an insignificant value. Say, we expect the environment to change or the chairs location in the space to change. Let us also assume that while we may associate chairs in relation to each other, this will also not be fixed- they may change places and relationships to each other while we are not looking, so it won't be a matter of visually tracking them from previous information outside of their own existence as individuals in a series of identical objects. We can only rely of their individual values as independently counted and identified individuals in an identical series. How can we generate then a proceeding and how can we identify functions to enable this seeming impossible act of omnipotence? The answer is of course, digression- digression in formula- digression as evasion- evasion as distraction- distraction as diversion as in a shell game away from the clarification in a series of cyclic identifications that rolls back endlessly into the number one hundred and never arrives at an end, exactly like PI does which is an equivalent to a natural (nature) and mathematical) our reason attempts to order- in a phrase

diverting down down down---stalling for time--- evasion from the point of clarification that would allow proceedings forward in one direction- here a clue or a quality of this new function as yet un-named- that the diversion and stall for time does not let the proceedings begin- it is always standing at the stage door- it has no linear direction- and observation if stripped from linear direction become chordal as is a chord in music, but if you strip it from itself in its presence in time, you will find that it is never enunciated- you do not hear it out of time- and so the performance is stalled as the object of attention is waited on, while still its absence is felt, and it is not the absence that is replaced by fill of psychology or the completion of the brain matters, but is rather that third where emptiness which exists because of what these other two do not supply, so yes we have yet another subject which

exists without itself and the evasive principle we initially begin with is resupported with a cyclic aside that is both caught in itself and will not return while at once we have never departed down this path which cannot exist without time, so is never enunciated, while yet we seem to wait, because of expectation- to be- entertained, or, relieved from tedium- which will not be relieved because this is not about the viewer but rather the performers fear of commitment, and the performer's pain that will never let the proceedings advance to a presence on a stage- even if a presence does arrive, still the ambiance of Absence is detected- and still we will wait for a "performance."

So we may identify all one hundred chairs in a series and with each, digress permanently into infinite subset states that for each chair. These subset states being the relation to another or all chairs in the one, and this is the flattened state. Permanent digression is partner to omnipotence, which is partner to omnipresence, which is a thing out of time. I have tried this with physical chairs, and it is maddening as hours passed quickly by because it is such a thing out of time.

Can the surrogate be your endless digression of a flattened state of subsets? Will their feelings as individuals fly like bats in the night and make their bodies insane? Can the flow or waves of surrogates we may pass through this as a channel form a pulse or rhythm that would be substitute for time- may a rhythm exist outside of time- if it is part of a permanent digressive series- in a state of flatness- does that flatness disallow a pulse or wave affect through it, or does it encourage pulsation through itself as if a physical matter made to resonate, or does that flatness find a form of immaterial release by letting passage of a pulse that temporarily resets a permanent condition in a digressive permanent state of flatness? Can a rhythm through a state be like my thoughts of rolling and special emphasis within a roll, within a cylinder that has had a weight attached to a wall on its inside which seems to limp, stop and start as it is forced to roll in some direction, mind you now, can't you detect the hesitant pulse of the weighted tube as it rolls by you?

[illegible]



digression exist if not in time? it can exist in a time of its own is the answer, and the circle needn't be observed at all- it can lock into its own pace of pulse and like a rhythm that never alters, it may exist without ever crossing another rhythm into a syncopation- side by side- and never touching or greeting- and yet- isn't this open to that familiar question of a pull- the gravitation that is not physical, but in our expectation of a completion or a resolve- even this thing that is outside of our time so must also be outside of movement- and indeed the circle does not move it is merely used to let a something else of questionable substance pass through it in the pulse of familiarity, the pulse of the surrogate imitation of likeness, sent mad into the night like bats with bodies insane and throbbing through a course but solid hole outside of stuff?

I've steered far from a topic- then, is there a pulse that passes through performance, and is it akin to the matterless and insubstantial objectless theoretical model that lets performance live without a beating heart or thing animate or inanimate? Is performance a fluid form allowing timeless digression and evasions of emotional confrontation and flight from both conventional logic and reason? Is there exception to reason and logic of the beating heart that the rhythms of the world mimic endlessly regardless of the course of human affairs, regardless of the cycles of the earth, the wind, and of our neighboring spaces? To some extent the iteration of such a flow of questions only strengthens what we resist in art that flees from living- the flight that is evasive that questions like so, and offers digression and diversion as a means of stopping pathways carved into our DNA and as inflexible as are our chromosomes- there is an answer in that, but it is not affirmative or hostile- it is one that is as obvious though- that if inflexible we are, our questions are a part of this inflexibility- our difficulty in excepting a fateful world, and steering our survival toward warring and resistance for purposes of idealism and ideas that oppose a more consistently passive way- and here is where the evolution makes decisions moment by moment- those equipped to survive an attack of an idealist, or a fanatic- and those not- this survival is in keeping with the program of our blood- we might consider to that a flight from living is a flight from dying. Digression in any form is a path toward a permanence in a sense; to get to a point, to distill something down to an elemental form is a purification that is like the quest for the indivisible- the indivisible cannot be reduced, it can only exist as itself now- a purely individual achievement that has gone as far as it may- it is stopped- this point of stasis is permanence. This is the point to which all digression strives- a point at which to stop which is unambiguous and final, and certain. I am still compelled to find a term for this third state which is not full and is not completion but is absolute in itself and shares these other two in its family relationship- then let me call this state Diversive Presence.

Diversive Presence. It has a realm. We can know it, but we can't feel it. Or, we can feel it, but we can't know it. But not both at once. This is because... why is this? Knowing and feel are

two states that must have the position of the other to see itself- as like to peaks side by side will let you look at the other if you travel back and forth, but you are only one perspective point, and this is the problem here. If you allow that knowing and feeling can perform as an entity, then you must also allow it to exist as an individual does, with a life that has its limitations that confound us to the extent that we must be diverted from our lives by art to find a reason for the autonomic systems that if this external reason were not found, we would break down until everything was stopped, and then, that is when your body dies. And this we do not want, for fear of the other states we can't know, so yes, the art becomes diversion and evasive if we chance to close in on the same conclusions that material has arrived at through the

contemplation of matter upon itself. Diverse Presence is the state of grace that pardons us from lying down and imitating death inside a coffin in the night, as if such preparation was unnatural, which is what a "person" might tell you if you confessed that this laying in a coffin at night was what you did. Yet this kind of recognition is completely in keeping with an artless state of material- it exists to decline continuously while it is reborn every sun up like the vampire, which is a symbol struck by art (like literature, like movies, like myth and religious ritual-) and this state of continuous decline and fragmentary rebirth of the morning- is one way in which our sad material bodies of moving substance resists the permanent truths of absence, and the never to return, and the systems we must create to as a substance with a program that would have us extend far beyond our physical spans and expectations of material, see through the long night, turning away from the image of the coffin in the mini-death and birth that is our sad little rehearsal every twenty four hours, we are in Diverse Presence with our minds and our matters on an invisible stage with metaphoric props to digress from the obvious and banal, into the not obvious and banal. This is one function of performance, in absence, in diversion, in surrogate replacement, in evasive being, on a fear filled stage, in a body that will pass away every time the sun will set, and live again with fear on each arriving sunrise, in this all humans are the tragic vampire of folklore.

I will concentrate here, I will find a way to escape this point of view. Some wine, maybe, this is a part of our Evasive project, intoxication, we have studied this briefly earlier in unsupported art statements in this very text. Maybe I will use this to bootstrap my way into our next exploration- until I open the bottle, I will continue to write, and I will write, "I drank" when I perform this bodily function. This nothing does bring another point to mind, which might roll back into the text if we think about the qualities of the intoxication, and now in light of the mini-death and the sleep in coffins nightly- the intoxication as a narrowing of the senses- a diminishment as a means of narrowing the width of the series of a diverse subset of the flattened series- returning to digressive generative performing- the idea that the senses are a tapered shape of ribbon to the point at which we evaluate and

perceive its product of interaction, and display our response in the raising of an eyebrow, laughter, or the swinging of a fist- grammatical structure becomes lost in a list that seeks to cover each previous fragment further like the dirt they pitch on you- progressive in a series, but if we continue on and on, the grammatical expectation and sense of it as an argument that is a structured sentence will be lost and we will be safe and still alive and not finished because the sentence did not end and neither did our breath because the period represents that pause that is the stopping of intake which we fear will not occur again, but rather will stop and there we are inside the body which becomes a tomb while we are still inside becoming it, pleading to it not to just stop like this, to give us one more gasp of air and not to let us feel the organs slowing and stopping their movements of substances in the irrigation ditches of our core from which all circulations flow to every extremity though certainly less successfully than has been the case in the past, so yes, this is a diversion from the mini-death, and a thought that makes me wish toward intoxication to avoid the nightly coffin, even though the wakeful state I experience now is more authentically that of living, while the falling into darkness makes me hear the pitching of the dirt above which our sweet forgetful minds implore us to believe are only dreams, bad, awful dreams, that are not "real." This is performing. This is an Elusive spectacle par excellence. Yet rather than escape this point of view I held, I have buried myself deeper in it. This is still exemplar of the Elusive state which might be highest in artistic creation- lowest as we seek to cope with daily life and responsibility which is to use an old friend from Maine's term, the bugaboo.

Who is never really there? Well and good to make this unanswerable which we could but let's rather make it simpler. If a house burns to the ground and you were not killed, you were not inside. Clear? Yes, yet we know that a "performance" is never quite so cut and dry. With removal of self, and object, and action, all which we have dealt with in some form, what possible presence can remain which still satisfies a space, some things in it, and action, and time? What remains is the notion- like the platonic ideals, or, the transcendent perfect forms- the notion for argument's sake that these disappearances and gradations can exist in a physical world and effectively represent the purely cerebral accountings of art and creation. Associations of qualities- is then built as argument atop a ground of notion- argument for and rationalization for the act which will further a notion to a presentation of some sort, regardless of the degree of presence decided to be invested. So, we are moving forward under the assumption that never really there is only a relevant concern in the very last stages- of the presentation and intention to present or perform. Advancing "as if" might be sufficient to allow- as I and you have seen and done this too- on an exhibition resume, written down shows and venues upcoming as if already accomplished- showings not completely secured yet, grants not awarded, unfunded- any number of incompletions- and even once in this form, a listing on a resume, it may become an annoyance to have to realize a work once the exhibition/ venue comes due. You've

already reaped the profits- unless sales is the key concern-, unlikely with performing- of exhibiting in a place "as if." So this "as if" has a quality of the evasive aspect we have been discussing, and situated in a real world situation, that of representing oneself as a generator of action. It may happen that the event is postponed before it takes place, or the artist withdraws because of insufficient preparation- now, does the artist remove the listing, or does he/she simply leave it, because, after all, it will have by now come to pass anyway- it has become history albeit historied by this listing and a "false" one, if that can be applied to a non-existent event.

#### Performance notes for VblackboxV

table roped around my back flipping box into space, box contains black napkins or paper side satchel contains 1 Guinness Stout can 1 beer glass 1 red wine bottle 1 wine glass

On hands and knees, flip box from face to face into the space- a white table is strapped to my back with rope. Unstrap table from back, pace on floor. Take napkins out of box on floor, place napkins on table. Remove wine from satchel, wine glass- open wine, pour wine into glass. Take beer out, place on table Take out beer glass, place o table, fill with beer. Take more black napkins out of box and spread around area on table and surrounding floor. Make like a courting bough made by birds-. Stand facing direction of \_\_\_\_\_ from my location- using compass to orient- make compass use obvious. Close eyes- make noise twice or so, a yell or holler- choose phonetic quality at the time- 1rst time is low volume, second time vocalize a little louder- Third time, nearly full volume, try to get louder and louder- scream brains out- scream scream each time try to scream louder than before- until my voice is completely gone-worn out. Take black napkins out of box- more- place around in additional arrangement- Reorient with compass- try to cream again in direction of \_\_\_\_\_ until voice is gone again. Repack napkins in box from all about- flip box out of the space leaving table, wine, beer and glasses behind extra Make the table, wine, beer, more inviting like a nest a bird would make or courting chamber ( already said)- perhaps put down coins on the floor as well shiny etc. and form bough around the table, in a semi-circle even-etc.

From this particular blackbox, a set of notation and form has been developed to compose the elements of the flipping of the box (a previously composed element, more generally composed for the flipping of a rectangular flat-ish block, or square) and the scream. (a new compositional notation) One form has been generally given the name of "Aria form from VblackboxV ." In this notation, a row of shaded squares lead to a blackbox, from which diagonal/vertical lines ascend and attach to a number of black circles- these are the notations of the screams- given in different arrangements and sizes to accommodate the desire for interpretation and variation between one rendering and the next, just as the

rows of squares do in their variation from score to score. After the radiating line to the black circle, the row of squares continues on a horizontal path from the other end of the black box, and terminates at some point unique to that specific score. Examples of these score are included here. Also derived from the VblackboxV performance, a second notation for scream, deals with a --Preparation Envelops and Point Events

What goes into performing can be a mixture, a compound, or composite of drawn together materials which as a whole, if viewed and understood truly as an entirety, and as a single form inclusive of all the relevant elements required for a completion, would reveal the imbalance of attention given to a single point typically given attention to as the actual work; the event point. The entirety itself is a form of course. We could document it- this has been done- but as a separate form from the "work", the documentation of- it stands apart, a work on its own a different media by another artist frequently, or journalist. But the entire work as it were can be given a single form title that will tie it together as the artists work and may be a way of beginning to more generatively structure the engine for producing these long and seemingly organic works, composing the preparation and the event within itself, called "Preparation Envelop and Point Events." Order of Urgency

Thiiance? Bring it to a system, map it to a point, and then present it incomplete, like the lives art flows from- progressions- performances, never stopped in time, a special case of art.

I freeze inside when I think of the lines I have crossed with people- because I have fallen in love mostly, really, just once- but that is enough to know oneself through shame- in this case- rejection- real love, I am talking about, not sympathy, or sex alone- but, true romantic love- so rare- so like a rain forest flower- a, though consistent abstraction of or a cartoon of the source material-are as linked to the vocabulary of evasion as a topic taboo to direct address, or a banal material that must be "cleaned" to be of any neutral use in a presentation that is largely and firstly formalistic. This may of course be read with some irony, as the purpose for the evasive project is as has been suggested right along to access sources and compulsively exposing topics and materials that because of human elements in arts that in superior realms have been drained of irrational expression, must force their way through in insidious, subconscious and embarrassing ways. It is though the very formalistic approach, the structuring of material, time and circumstance that allows for sufficient control to be exercised on the uncontrollable- the expressive or emotive- that threatens to break for form and come all at once- in what I would call an "order of urgency." While this may be tightened into a "form", in the raw state, which most expression insists on, it is a chaotic destroyer of deeper developments of art as research, research, which most of all, requires structures and control. I am that plans and thinks these things...

I am that saves its paper scraps of ink smudges and words...

I am quiet now, like set cement...

I am the communion of parts that address each other as unfamiliar crumbs, and after some time, combine to build a single perfect thing...

I am the cool of a reptile's belly as it rests at night in sand...

I am the repaired square encampment that has been adjusted to lose its four corners...

I am a continuous chatter that presses the ear drums until there is silence...

I am the concentrated powder that is in only a millionth of a space occupied before...

I am still the breather, the aliveness, a maker held for now beneath a mittened hand...

I am the used renewed and the reapplication of old purpose to new situation...

I am the seen things changed, I am the rapid flow of invisible influence that moves the cells and beats the heart...

I am the rehearsed lecture using seven sounds, I am the controlled dropping of the thing...

I am the thing I will not let doubt, I am the feel for that which tries to project a future from imagination and faith in pre-destiny...

I am anticipating what I feared as a child, though I wait, with no reaction...

I am the bell ringer, wearing a long brown hooded monks robe, I ring the church bell, it rains on me every time I pull the rope- Min-Chi is sitting in a pew, she laughs at me every time the rain comes...

I am that I sit and gradually sink and settle into a vegetable-like form with a single thick bone like a supporting wall...

I am quiet now...

I am the ice, the matter changing while the same, in state, in representation for brevity, for transport, for...representation, for joining to the next...

I am the speaker with a voice, and the one who with one hand on an arm will gesture while talking...

I am the second after the first, which makes me third...

...a distant point comes close, it is all of colors, molding backward and forward in a swirl and then in orderly stripes, in a floating mound, shapeless but filled with suggestions of many simple, one piece objects ... I am drawn to think about it in many ways, as a fruit that may be eaten, and all that shifting would change, and it would be food, or, address it as a living thing, and start in conversing, and see how enlightened I might become ...or, try to contain it in a reasonably friendly way, and give it some options for long term purpose that might serve both itself and others...the substance of truth is sticky and best spread thinly over smooth prepared surfaces, free of moisture and dirt... when it sets, it may be reapplied in layers, building to any thickness, gradually accumulated in this way... there are many, variously emotionally strange – they seek location and comfort in which to test their personal culture against the external...there is a spray that covers us, the observers of the emotional variants – we shake like wet dogs, but it sticks – it is the truth that we have been

sprayed with... it is uncomfortable to be wet like this – it dries, but is like a glue, to touch it is to feel like unwashed, sweaty, itchy...

I am the future as predicted today, as contrasted with the future of yesterday and the day before in a long series...

I am ruled by habit, which controls my freedom like it is a pet on a leash...

I am as the waves that strike me, and am as the waves that roll and boil over the shore, and draw things out to sea, and deliver them up...

I am – a continuous dissection on me, a short smile through discomfort, a thing held in a fluid to secure it and keep it from activity, a suspension of power and presence – while the I that I am is forced into a presence of a fictitious me - is a means of continuance with use, while the personal purpose is set aside – the is a small drain that feeds into the submerged aspect, this drain develops a slow paced stream of use hidden from the surface application of the fictitious presence - ...it is, subversive in that it is secret and not accounted for, and remains unaccountable by its principles ... it is a thing, this small agent, like a group of sticks or rocks, I can hold them in my creases, under my arm, in my fingers, along the joints -, under my chin, at the backs of my legs, behind my knees, one at a time or in several, in numbers, and drop them from my joints in an order... ... twelve tips of flame... ears popping, ...speeds faster than skin holds on ...a long heavy table in a library, books crumbling, the things I smell, the pictures of her in my phone and in my memory...I should fly into the sky...I should see her, right now... I should find some way...eyes, burning tissue...

Tissue symphony...

What happens...

Tissue protection...

Tissue tomorrow...

Where is she right now, on that bus...

The 3<sup>rd</sup> symphony, the tissue movement ...

The sorting...

The nerves detecting the familiar heat, and touching the humidity...

I should feel the weather I know...

I am the stoic other that is opposite the brittle bird bones...

I am the thing in flames, that wants to shape the other things in flames...

I am the one who will be assimilated...

I am glorified in the future of my clan...

I am the faith...and believing, and impossibility...

Compulsive Notation - here, a special chapter regarding compulsive graphic plans/ notations, originally to accompany an exhibition of over 150,000 score I had written, in exhibition...

The graphic notations I present here represent a large part of five years work. I composed

from then to the present nearly daily. I conservatively estimate about 100,000 notations are represented. There are more in various places, in different people's possession and simply lost. The compulsive aspect is one not easily explained, but I will attempt to. It involves the nature of composition as performance.

To attempt to capture an idea or the essence of performance through a symbolic or notational form is itself an exercise of performing. Seriously considered in this light, the composer is immediately freed from some initial limitations that have to do with the conventional non-existence or transparency of this consideration. To perform as composing, to access the moment as in a spontaneous act, we narrow the assumed frame of consideration, thought, and intellectualization of our materials. As we narrow composing into this tapering frame, the use of a received language or style diminishes, or WANTS to, exerting a pressure to, confined in an immediate use of the moment (of composing/performing), dismiss presumptions of our education and memory, and generate appropriate lines, values, and signs for the act of composing, whether there are specific objects (broadly defined) in mind or at hand to compose for, or not. So, the act of composing in this way is inclined to generate its own terminology and constructions - as a direct response to composing as performing. As an overriding state, such composition necessarily is about invention, and the formation of the most direct compositional response possible. As each moment changes in a series of moments, and as our memory becomes increasingly less important, a mechanism is set in place, a reflex that is a compositional form, established through repetition based on the compulsion of the moment, and the continuity of feeling/expression, and becomes fixed as a muscular conditioning, from eye to inward perception to hand, and not necessarily in that order. (and, all considered as muscular) Compositions then vary within that establish reflex, and the basic compulsion to DO continues to produce compositions in long or endless series from a single established reflex. These compositions might or might not find their way into a second performing stage beyond composing, ie., the exterior world of objects, a separate series of moments, circumstances and settings. The compositions may coordinate with relevant equivalencies in the exterior world, to which they may be applied, in this second performance, as scores, not now spontaneously forming, but, examples - presentations of an initial act of performing. Again, these equivalences may or may not take place, and may take place at different times. A subconscious motivation may drive the composition performance - a sense of correspondence one might have to surroundings and materials in the exterior environment. At these points of emergence, the notations are scores, and can be performed externally and after - composition, as the composition forms a secure bridge between the two worlds. Under subconscious influence, composing as performing will more directly relate to the physical world, as the act has accessed unique terminologies and forms outside of conventions we might have received for purposes of "scoring." Graphic Plans are natural manifestations of performative connection in this kind of composing. Series and multiples are naturally formed as well, as each composition is the first for that moment, directed by the establishment of reflex.

Now, state of mind - varies. Through reflex, a performing connection to composing may be reestablished - and, the reflex of a particular type of composition can be revisited. But, there will always be the pressing state - the new state - where the mind seeks to establish yet another reflex to satisfy the need for spontaneous experience. Thus, new



forms will always be generated, which will in turn find their fixed written formats. This compulsion to stray into newness - demands forms, and terminologies, to relate to in as yet unknown ways to the unfamiliar. Again, reflex is established, and many notations will be written, to sustain the composer for extended time in the performing act of composing.

There will be a very special kind of external manifestation of such compositions. Because the act of composing is so based on experience of real time, it also deals with a very immediate and atomic level of acts and materials when applied to the exterior world. In the moment, there is no time to accumulate cultural and historical matters. That is in the realm of past events and substance designed for other specific purposes. The notations will address then a clean slate of neutral and previously undesignated matter; raw materials, and uncommitted objects. It will address materials as equals to the composer/ performer. Action mediates between, and notations function as guides to making presentation of direct experience. So, one might find - such composition - appears to have a "style."

It is a matter of continuity, a correspondence that is always potential, between the inward state, the construction of which is governed largely by external perceptions (mirroring them) and real time observation and perception of the exterior. When these are aligned through the fashion of composition performance, the result will always be of the nature I will describe, in examples of external things these notations have governed.

It is important too, to acknowledge that there is subjective compulsion at work too, beyond the compulsion internal to composing. Subjective emotion, desire to express some feeling or commitment is always present, and is part of being human. These influences exert themselves on the forming of a separate metaphorical, or symbolic stream in this work. The subjective is frequently masked, even from the composer, or is integrated in a coded way, and represents the quality of a kind of therapy. While the processes I have described govern form and specific matters addressed in there pieces, there is yet a subjective nature that in some cases I can point to and indicate some emotional material being dealt with through it.

And, here are some specific performance actions these scores have manifest in the material world.

### **Rummage**

In performance, I have boxes of different materials: paper, metal pieces, stones, wood (pencils are good) foil, marbles, etc. I "rummage" through the boxes designated by score (plan) which ones- with the taper and shape of the graphic figure dictating intensity of rummage/volume applied to each box- with two hands, two boxes can be played at once, like left and right hand of piano- for two contrasting and syncopated sounds- interpreting this is open- as you have a knowledge of the values of the shapes and lines, feel free to reset them to stand for other values than boxes- the "boxes" may be virtual, and played in a similar way, which I leave to you- also, feel free to completely rethink and just use score (plan) for its relative, internal values.

### **Pitchshift**

Very simple plan- a circle starts from a point and spirals out, each rotation making a larger, expanding circle- it relates to conventional instrument, variable (controllable pitch) object(s), or particularly, voice. The vocalist starts singing a fixed note- following/ reading the outward spiraling circle, it is interpreted as a vibrato range- above and below the pitch

of origin- it widens until it is a sweeping glissando, above and below- the effect masks the change of center, or pitch of origin- as the spiral finally flies away from the orbit- and begins spiraling now, inward- the vibrato is at its maximum range at this point, and inversely, as the spiral is now circling inward, the vibrato is narrowing its range until the circle reaches a single point again, away from the first, the pitch center now, being on a different note- the pitch center would have AT SOME POINT been lost in the transition from one circle (outward) to the next (inward spiraling) as early music composition books suggest their own methods of composition technique of melodic development, one note following another- choices- (see JOHANN FUCHS I believe, who long ago devised a handbook of composition/counterpoint which layed out composition/counterpoint choices by rules- this is sort of the same- it is in a way a fixed score, (plan) as far as concept- but- it is such a simple shape, the plan can be “written” while the performer is at the same time performing from it, as the spiral is drawn- a simultaneous composition/performance- as an interesting option. Electronically, it can be realized several ways easily. Each performer may start out on the same first note, apply their own increasingly widening vibrato (responsive to the spiral) and end on a different note than every one else- perhaps another pitchshift is then played, again, all performers starting with the same note, then apply their own vibrato (each vibrato interpretation being a personal choice) and each ending with a different second note. OR, each may start on a different note, and use the same vibrato, with the same duration, and see what the counterpoint/harmony ends up being, with those fixed relations.

### **Bounce**

Several objects are distinguished at the top of the plan (long horizontal band, divided be vertical lines, separating the objects used) and are, from left to right, dropped, the number of times that the little separate lumps between each dividing vertical line dictates. The lines that descend from the horizontal band are the instrumental or vocal imitation- the performer anticipating in real time the number of bounces the object will make when it lands, and bounces- sort of like an unpredictable sustain or release level of a sound even envelop. This you should feel very free to interpret outside of their conception as to how it can be realized. Electronically, I imagine, a randomized value may be given for a sound echoing, or “bounce” after an initial event- and the instrumentalists may try to anticipate it- perhaps, computers, set against each other to respond with a guess as to the other’s bounce(s) or, live instrument, or vocal- however, the plan has ample relative values, and a little bit of artistic flourish that has no absolute relationship to other aspects- because I liked the look of it- and that may be interpreted openly- but, the most important thing I think is to come up with a way to imitate or produce the effect of the bounce of an object, and the imitation/anticipation in real time of that bounce by a performer, using sound of any kind.

### **Enthusiasms**

These little plans, originally written and intended for voice, each takes place in the space of a single breath. The eye follows the movement of the line from its tail end on the grid of five by five lines- it is inspired by the inflections/ grace notes frequently used by blues singers to embellish at the end of a phrase before reaching its final note. The circle in the score is the pitch target. The duration is determined by the vocalist’s wind capacity- the size of the

note (the circle) emphasis of it, volume, intensity- and the path the line takes to the circle- angles in it, curved lines, convolutions- can all be interpreted as a phrase contour and inflection- as can pitches used on the way to that circle. (note) An electronic node or nodule of duration may be used to simulate the breath, and another value or means applied to the contour- or, conventional instrument, or voice, too. The idea of a flourish of notes leading to a final note is the most important, and the breath-length duration. All can be reassigned to anything you wish, as long as there is consistence.

### **Drag**

The steps each represent the introduction of a new “object” to be dragged on a string of different lengths, attached to the legs. The object on different length strings accumulates as they scrape on the floor/ground, and each will have this dynamic widen taper of volume, event and intensity. It can be done with real objects and strings in an open space, or (and) electronically, where each incoming sound event has its own length of “string” and then, the accumulation until all are being “pulled”, and then, a period of all at once, in the scores, (plans) meaning a distance over which the performer is walking with all strings taunt to objects- all being pulled at once- perhaps, there may be an electronic interpretation/ equivalent of this structure, while one or two actually perform it as a “drag.” Keep in mind, physical things are tricky- strings can get tangled- that must be an anticipated event- materials and their behaviors are dirty. Maybe interpretation might be dirty, too...

### **Flip Maps**

These scores, of rectangular and square pieces of paper, attached to each other with tape on different sides lay out flat to form a map for "flipping" a brick or a piece of wood from face to face - across a floor, (or other flat surface) following the squares of paper, as a score. With the pieces of paper all the same size, the score folds like an accordion into a cube or block and takes up little space that way. Yet, when flattened out, some are so long in their surface area and turns, they would take up the space of a very large parking lot.

### **Brick Flip scores**

These 2 dimensional Flip scores describe aspects of a brick in movement across a flat surface . The scores include such things as substitutions at points of the flipped object, and sliding -

### **Landscape Transit**

These scores, written in many notebooks, three scores to a page, represent an imaginary object/ shape, and a path over which it will tumble. The angles and form of the shape will be imagined to catch and tumble as the landscape shape changes, and as the surface of the shape moves over it. The result, read from left to right as the travel is imagined, is interpreted by voice as a journey over pitch, mouth part position sounds, and following of the contacts and contours revealed in the spontaneous travel.

### **Terrains**

These score are uncommitted to specifics of performance. They developed as several elements, which could be varied, which followed a path of development and fixedness, but which never attached themselves to material and action. The lines perhaps were inspired

by some carvings I had seen, of terrain - so, there may be a mental travel in it - yet, the scores themselves are experienced as I write them as pure composition - unattached as they are.

### **Glancing at the Sun/Light**

These scores describe a reliving of an ecstatic moment, an illuminating moment - through thinking about looking at a light source. The score is a spontaneous re experiencing of illumination. The lines divide the experience into five parts or surfaces, onto which are attached lines, and then, globes- which represent the light source- the lines, the turn toward that light source. The size of the globe, the extent of the stare into it. The notation is different than an actual staring. The reliving may be done with real staring, but, not from scores. The scores are a separate means of reliving, which may be performed from, but which are not - the performance is external as the writing, internal as the imagined staring. "Real" staring is done spontaneously and without score assistance. They are two separate experiences.

### **Scream Arias**

These scores describe a series of screams, meant as a means of travel across distance. The conceit is that a human emotion can travel to a target best in a raw and direct form - as a load holler - to get attention, to make hear, to invite - to come and meet. There are scream "balloons" for each expected scream, or, as a start to scream - attached to a line of graph - with a black diagonal shape - that is the inward source/ energy of the scream - from which the scream comes. The scream continues long after the balloons have all been accounted for - the point is - all the energy is put out - to make a scream that will be heard and understood. It continues until exhaustion, beyond what is accounted for in the score. Yet, each score - is different, a different start.

### **Tubes with Objects and Muting**

PVC and/or cardboard tubes have objects like stones placed in them at different locations inside the tube, per the score. Fabric is strung on wire/ string in cut sheets and laid on floor, as shown. Tubes with their objects are placed as show on the strung fabric arrangement on the floor. The tubes are then rolled, in the direction they want to go, in an improvised order, which in part determines how they roll, as well. The rocks create a certain kind of lispng roll- also, determined by placement in tube, they steer the tube a bit - and, come out of the tube - at different times, unique to each placement inside - and, the fabric rolled over - create an intermittent muting of the sound - the tube rolls over the floor, or muted, over the fabric pieces - over a trajectory in part determined by placement of the tube, in part by the order in which the rolling is performed.

### **Mouth part Positions and Three note vocal system**

I choose for myself seven mouth part positions that give phonetic sounds when breathed through. The sounds are symbolized by drawings, and equal OO, oo, ee, rr, ll, mm, and zz, seven in all. They are applied to a three note vocal system. The highest note, hest, is the highest note that can be sung at any given time. The lowest note, Lest, is the lower note that can be sung. The middle note, Midst, is the FAT note, containing all the pitches in between. While the hest and lest notes are fixed, at a specific time, for each individual, the middle

note, midst, is so wide it must be specially accounted for - to effectively use as a note and for a function. There are several and many ways to deal with it. It is ripe to be composed for. There is a symbol for the three note system as well.

### **Pitch Pound**

Here I graph the middle note, midst, with some fixed points at hest and lest. The triangular shapes on the path of Midst are sung, following the line, as glissando. The entire pitch range of midst is covered in this glissando. At certain points, there are horizontal lines that intersect the rising and falling line. These are "pound" points. At these points, a stone is struck on the ground/ floor to accent the point at which midst is at that moment. For some pounds, small squares of canvas have been cut. Several hundred. For muting to be scored for, a piece of canvas may be slipped onto the floor where the stone will come down. Several may also be placed/ scored for for increased muting of the pound accent - so that the pitch at that point is more dominant, the accent of it, (attention to it) subdued. When these pounds along a scored glissando (which may vary in height/ depth and speed) are perceived horizontally, various chordal outlines and arpeggios within the midst note will be formed, from the accents of appropriate pitches. Or, inversely, thru masking, the dropping out of those pitches will have the same effect as highlighting. Also, adjacent pitches on either side will be highlighted.

### **Collision Blossoms**

These score describe a process and procedure of an action that produces a sculptural object(s). The score is in two separate parts, which are front and side views of a situational apparatus. The big square or rectangle at the bottom of the page with little circles with some enclosed in small squares- is a literal drawing of the front view of a cut piece of pegboard, cut with exact number of holes as shown. Strings are passed through the holes at the locations where there are little squares around the holes. Looking at the other separate drawing, we have the side view of the situation. To the right side of the vertical line ( the line is the pegboard, viewed from its side/ edge) are little squares - these are like labels, which describe when scores is chosen and used - (it is a score of relative values, with specifics determined at time of choice to realize) what the other end of the lines (strings) that pass through the vertical line (these are the side views also, of those strings that pass through the pegboard holes designated) will be attached to - materials, objects. Sometimes in tests, I have chosen different sized cardboard boxes - to give a neutral effect of a sort for the issue of use, and for conceptual clarity, clean of objects with more definite cultural reference. So, the strings are attached to materials and/or objects, represented by the squares or rectangles the string lines are attached to the left had side. The action follows the creation of this set up, materials chosen, and attached, strings passed through designated holes in pegboard. Now, the strings are pulled from the right side. The shapes and sizes of the materials, and proximity of the holes chosen - to each other - determine both midcourse collisions of the materials/ objects with each other, and their penultimate collision on the surface of the pegboard- when they arrive there. The strings are pulled tight then - fixing the materials/ objects in tight formations against the board- in random "Collision Blossoms" that are the result of this circumstance. The strings on the opposite side of the pegboard are attached to little dowel pieces and tightly tied and secured so that the blossoms are permanent and fixed in place. This is the finished form of the sculpture.

There are many possible materials and objects that can be used, but, I prefer again neutral materials - raw forms of matter that have not been committed yet to use - compositional, construction, and materials used for making things, not finished products of design.

### **Voice Throttle**

The score is quite literal. There are two vertical lines. These represent the left and right sides of the neck. The horizontal lines represent rope that is tied snugly but not tightly (so not to restrict breathing or sounds made) around the neck, one rope tied just below the chin, the other, at the base of the neck. The ends of the ropes should be about two feet long, one going out from the left side of the neck, and the other, from the right. The triangle shapes radiating from the horizontal lines in both directions represent both the use of the rope on the side where they are drawn, as well as vocal sounds used, and the action. The dark triangles have a box on their ends, which represents a use of the seven Mouth Part Positions for sounds as described in the three note vocal scoring - OO, oo, ee, rr, ll, mm, and zz - one is given for each triangle. The action is this. The performer reads the vocal sound on the triangle first chosen. The performer vocalizes the sound, and then, with the triangle as a directional indication, the vocalist pulls the rope tight designated by the triangle. The vocal sound is "throttled" by this action. The next triangle on that side of the neck (designated attached to the same rope) is then read - a new vocal sound is made, read from the triangle's tip. Again, the rope is pulled tight, and the sound throttled. The same is done on the other side of the neck, with rope pulled tight from that side in the same way. In regards to order of the pull, they may be done one side first, then the other, or, alternately. That will be a spontaneous choice.

### **Rooms**

I draw variously simple and complicated (but always composed of 90 degree angles) enclosures, as scores. They look like rooms of different sizes, connected by corridors of different lengths and widths. Performing these can be done in several ways. As always, the composing of them is a first variety of performance. Next is imagining being inside these enclosures. There may be no physical action to this but the imagining of being within them. One moves around, finds the walls, stops, walks down corridors, etc. Then, one may act out the imagined walking in them with their body - picturing walking to the lines, turning, walking along walls, etc. while the body is made to respond to the mental experience with a walking to parallel it. As a sound piece, different areas of the score/rooms may be given chosen Mouth Part Position sounds. When walking in these areas, any sound vocalized must correspond to the MPP. Also, other rules may be applied. For instance, there may be phrasing of the sounds based on footsteps in the "space" and stopping - and moving faster, running, or, moving very slowly- the steps, breaking the sound with stopping for each separate advance.

### **Uncommitted scores without title**

These develop on their own, become complete, and lack attachment. They may be performed from if the perfect application occurs, but at the late stage of completion, it is unlikely they will find commitment.

At issue too in notation is the subject of Universality - as a function of what I call SURformalism. SURformalism involves the use of a formal approach to exclude specific artist based opinion and bias. In my use of a formal expression, I present no "content" as such. The artist's will as typically exhibited as expression cultural reference, political views, and person imagery is put aside in favor of a form that uses neutrality to gain a closer and more direct relationship with the events, circumstances and objects of the word, by clear and ideal example. Here, SURformalism expresses itself as distinct. Materials are generally neutral. They should be as close to an abstract, graphic notation as possible. This means, material has a neutral quality. It serves the function of specific object, but should be previously unused, and a material that could be for many purposes- the act determines use. Such material, though having still a broad set of applications that are finite, should be as close as possible to multipurpose, and as yet undesignated for function. Typing paper, boards, sheets of plastic, metal, wood, tubes, and other raw matter, natural and fabricated may serve this purpose. By being neutral in its own use history (pristine, unused) it has virgin reference. By not being a fabricated object (such as a softball, or a rubber duck - two things with specific purpose and cultural reference for instance) it is open to being imprinted on based on setting and environment of performance, and designations of action given by graphic notations. And, by directly addressing the materials - in terms of physical tendencies, qualities and characteristics as a material, we further the conception of neutrality expressed in graphic notations of my kind. This also supports the repetition and multiple generations of many scores- a material can be explored in such a way as to reveal something additional or new with each exploration based on variations of the limited set of aspects being scored for, often, aspects that may apply to a variety of materials, and not just one designated. Graphic plans are specific in their internal relationships of the scored aspects, but material designation may be given near or at time of performance, or, as adjustments to specific availability of materials, and to the circumstances, and setting. The effect of this direct relationship to the abstract nature of graphic notations is an equivalent in the performance realm, one that is not in its nature an outward thrust, based on artistic ego, but rather, is a vacuum - that ideally allows infusion from setting and environment, and infusion of understanding, of interpretation. The artist, in a relationship with materials and actions designed to cull performance qualities from these materials in further a broad conception of purposeful action, has a unique opportunity to disappear from the equation. The artist becomes a mechanism for momentary circumstance and an activation of energy potentials in action on material. Formalism is amplified and sensitized - SURformalism - which includes, as explained, the subjective as well, but, as a motivation psychological force working as a power of nature, from the artist, though as a force, far from use as content, motivations of artist in this situation can further artist absence from content.

Motivation deserves further exploration in defining these parameters. And, it deserves specific example. For some months, I have been composing "GLANCING AT THE SUN/LIGHT" scores. There are derived from a desire to express and moreover to relive a specific moment of ecstasy/ illumination - that was highly emotional, symbolic, and personal. Specifics of it have only been given at my whim to close confidants and people I trust and wish to share with - otherwise, it is something to remain hidden or to be evasive regarding. To relive this moment in time, I compose these, everyday, many a day - it is a motivation, to experience ecstasy - that compels me to do this - yet, the personal nature necessitates a coding - that keeps this in the range of abstract graphic notation, while

motivation makes it specific in terms of the generating source. Yet, the actual act it governs - looking at light - a separate act from the composing - may be read openly, and in many ways, open to interpretation in the Universal principle in keeping with SURformalism. The motivation is hidden, and, not necessary to the experience of the work, but, it necessary for the performing and the composition as performance of it, which are two different things. Performance of this particular form as composition remains inward and highly personal. If I perform GLANCING AT THE SUN/LIGHT as an act of glancing, I do not follow a score. Rather, I simply do it, as a live spontaneous act. The scores COULD be performed from , and thus be an artifact of the past act, but, due to the personal motivation of these pieces, I wish to experience composing as performing directly, and performance in the exterior world directly - so to relive - ecstasy. This introducing another aspect of these scores- if composing is performing of them, what truly is the action of playing out in the physical world the actions/ materials these scores govern? The performance of this kind is then an artifact. It retains none of the spontaneous qualities of the creation, but replaces it at most with small brackets of allowable reaction to the physical, and, to improvisations as the score allows, if it does, and, some have no improvisation at all. Even though performing, the relationship of composition to performances in the physical world, as composition is so largely interior except for the hand in notation, is one that for me is inverted. To perform live with materials and actions is exemplar, is the fixed form, which is often the function of the notation of a piece, a score. For me, the notation as performing is the manifestation of the idea. It is the spontaneous moment that is typically strived for in exterior performing. In part due to the rarity of performing as something which consumes sufficient time to say, it IS something, I also invert this clause - to be in some state, as composing compulsively is for me, is to achieve performing - by virtue of bulk, of importance, not through rarity, but through consumption. The fact that a physical world performance is an artifact - does not necessarily diminish it. It is in a changed relationship for me, but it is at times an important expression of example. It is an equivalent that is less than achieving, but, as platonic models, a "reality" has a close relationship to the "real" as exemplified by the notating as performing act. Performing is for "show" as is the act of notating if observed. I have notated -GLANCING AT THE SUN/LIGHT as physical external performance. I sat in a chair, and I composed, many of them, and observing me do this, this was the performances, with no connection between watching me and the inward relationships I make when I perform this composing. Yet, this was separate for actually GLANCING AT LIGHT which I have also done - without, as I said, the use of score- I simply glance at a light source. So, this GLANCING has three forms - performing inwardly, the observation of my notating as performing, and the observation as a separate act of actually glancing at light without use of a score. Between these distinctions lays a generative area that is not defined, is not clear and must be a motivational source in itself, which remains an unidentified matter.

Graphic notation is a natural means of research in regards to SURformalism - that lends itself directly, and, is the ideal way to notate - for SURformal action. The multiplicity possible through such action guides composition that stems from specific relationships, but unspecified materials and material designation. In developing these graphic plans, I find the process of their formation also is part of multiplicity - striving to find the perfect set of relationships, and the perfect representation for aspects being considered for inclusion. At some point the form becomes solidified. Yet, I have several forms that have never found materials and even specific actions so that they may be manifest. They are completely



formed, and repetitious generations of variation of set aspects flow compulsively, as they do with notations with greater designations. Even in the completely undesignated forms, which as they are can have no manifestation, I have a spontaneous and complete experience of them as compositions as I am composing each one, just the same as I do with those that have been performed, or which have purposes I might imagine in the graphic notation's place, as I am composing. These undesignated forms may never find a manifestation, and I think, the chances are they will not. Though they were developed along the same path as other designated plans, at important times in their development, they were not attached to possible manifestation, and thus, led to form in a certain way - these undesignated forms are perhaps more truly SURformalistic. They are complete with internal rational, yet, open to any manifestation - so, none - but the one they seem perfect for, which is merely the SENSE of composition. Indeed, these are experienced - as such when writing them, spontaneously, as performances - that are compulsive in composing - these perhaps truly are composing as performing, these uncommitted graphic plans. While it seems an inconsistency, that a plan must be attached to manifestation to be realized (or, not in keeping with direct relationship between open abstract score and open action) in fact, the attachment that leads scores to a certain kind of completion as realizable forms is also very open - the attachment merely guides as a possible realm of realization, and directs scores toward what variety of exploration this particular example might be.

Part of Compulsive notation is that it solidifies time. As this kind of composition is a spontaneous experience of a kind of performing, it is a way to be in this state nearly constantly, of performing - of experiencing performing and the development performance allows, as imprinting. As a rule, as part of my system of INSTRUMENTISM, and LOWER CONSCIOUSNESS, I am inclined not to remember or learn from what I do. Memory eliminates channels of newness and creation. Again, it is a patch over inconsistency. To imprint is not the same as learning or remembering. It is reflex, as talked about earlier. Imprinting merely modifies the innate organic nature and uses plasticity of mind to do this - it is an important distinction. Imprinting does not exclude, but includes - an addition to the newness which is in constant evolution in graphic plans, and even, in the narrow bandwidth created by an established form which is repeated with its aspects in varied relationships. Imprinting creates small limited worlds as additions to newness of forms - and is one of the means of generating variation by making synthetic boundaries or physics laws of a limited small world. The solidifying of time also serves to actualize a person who through particularity or defect is much as the sought after state of newness, and forgetfulness - where the artist and in my case individual has been largely dismissed - for an increased awareness to the moment - with a backlash of desire to retain some grasp of self in continuous experience of performing - in newness. This is a self generating condition then, that I put myself in this state for newness, and then through a reaction to it, continue my presence there, through performing composition writing. And, attempting to retain a feeling of past. While it seems a desperate grasp at immortality, it is not really so. The need to solidify is also to occupy time - to use the moment, to fill it. It is making use, notating in this way it living in real time, thinking out loud, holding onto a handle of your own making that keeps me in life - a moment at a time - and away from diminishment - because, it is away from the issue of mortality and immortality. It is a side step. Away from preoccupation with a use of the moment that seems to suggest making a fixture of the moment, but, the compulsiveness of it - means it is moved on from, immediately. If

anything, the presentation of such work suggest, by way of its convention, the mortality - innate in the observation of past things, an observation not truly present in the act of notation as performance. By considering notation as performing, we retain both the notion of the real manifest as a presence that makes, while not giving in to the notion of all being past, or retrospective.

The freedom that in-the-moment allows, and, dismissing the idea that a piece must be refined beyond the quality it represents as variation of an established or developing form, has a strong generative power. Discretion is subject to its force, and, it is another means of removing the artist and that person's judgement from the equation. As a mechanism of a direct process and relation, there are no value judgments, only the direct connection to the generative source and power that drives the relationship. Freedom from judgment does not here mean anything is allowed, only that the relationship is close to pure, and there is no need for mediation of judgment, as with such a direct relationship, there will be no "incorrect" or poor expression manifest. All will be relevant, as it is directly connected to the generative source. It is trusting this state, and it is knowing firmly what exists within it that closes the uncreative influence away from pure, positive creation.

My scores are all written in freehand - or, drawn. This is important - I hadn't thought about it much, but I was asked about it - and, it is significant. brain to hand to eye, not absolutely in that order- with as little mediation as possible - important because if we introduce a mechanism, even a ruler - we pull away from direct relation to the idea- as it flows through the organism - sufficient mechanism of the body. nature of line is valuable - if it wobbles, is infirm, or a straight dash - this is all direct quality of rendering and also determines variation and next movement - something that would be lost in chasing perfect angularity or using a computer, or other form of intervening tools. Everything means something in the hand to brain relationship - it is a process of flow, and the drawing forms the channel - with openness and its own clarity. Nothing between. It also, in rendering even a repetitive aspect of form - shows unique aspects of each score - even in the repeating of form - very important to large or multiple production, that it is an addition to the variation - .

So, patience and discipline - the scores set the pace - of drawing - and discipline, to continue to draw in infinite numbers requires a suspension of self to the process of notation. The discipline, like the patterns set with imprinting, becomes a behavior that is organic. Perhaps, the discipline is merely the beginning of the structuring of this state, after which, it is no longer discipline as such. Patience has much to do with suspension of the self. The self is an editor that has been put in place by many rational and irrational forces beyond our control. To suspend this for the time of working, or, as a terminal adjustment we allow the work to unfold and flow, as it has no need for an editor, and ego. When the connection is made, it is all perfect, intact. Discipline may remain as such as then a commitment of time for the work that separates one from other aspects of one's living. It dissolves however within the process of notation as imprinting of behavior takes place.

One last motivation is important to mention. It is a desire to make sense. It is associated with this direct connection to materials and situations I have established. A direct connect creates its own flowing that is natural. This flowing is a codification or a resulting oceanic sensibility. It naturally fills in a wide space within the SURformal structure that might be called a metaphysic. It is the formation of a field of notation that will explain everything within the external and interior experience that may be addressed

or defined in an algebraic fashion. The cracks between the stones of any resulting edifice will contain within their space the simply indescribable and unnamable. A definition of them may be formed by their isolation from the clearly defined, a definition of absence. Which is, of course, virtually the same - a notation may address these cracks by creating outlines around it, to perceive the indescribable and its nature based on effect and on what has not been yet characterized. By evasion, or evasive performance, the invisible is realized by what the performance/ notation does not supply, but what seems to be crucial. No system can address what it cannot see, but it can address adjacent areas, which will highlight, through absence, the focus of the otherwise complete metaphysic.

Overall, could it be - that Compulsive Notation is merely a manifestation of a personal addictive behavior, rationalized for the conscious mind, which must find reason and purpose for organic impulses? I have to consider that this might be quite possible, and that it is not an intellectual construct at all, but a bodily reaction akin to a feeding frenzy for food, drugs, sex, excess. It might be possible, yet, the work continues, and of itself, has an existence regardless of origin.

This is one possible overview. It is also possible, touching again, on motivation - expanding the last, the metaphysical view, in a narrower, personal frame, that incorporates the organic impulses just explained.

There is a thick line. It divides events and our personal life from the abstractions of our minds. Our minds may form abstraction, to intellectually contend with events and living life - as a means of dealing with them as problematic. There is also dwelling within abstraction - and amplification possible - in abstraction of living - and, also, departure from these events. Departure maybe in the form of negatively influence extension, or positively - and, also, complete diversion away from. In normal states, this thick line keeps the nature from abstraction from involving material matters directly. It also keeps intact in a negative way - indwelling and amplification of these material events and circumstances with in the intellectual realm. It can keep the gauges of material measures from being applied to the abstraction we may make regarding the material - so, that negative responses of the intellect may not be harnessed in by physical limits - the intellect may create in this way a negative field second to the first, from which we are forced to view the material field. So, the thick line - regarding the material and abstract divide - becomes a cage which will not release us - not allowing escape into abstraction but instead, creates a second, more secure prison than the material. We may in this condition be forced to dwell in the material, if it is problematic, and in the abstract, which offers no answers, and is even a more secure cage - than the first- and which assures no release - from either. Notation "fields" may function within this realm of conditions - potential escapes and further, deeper prisons. Notational fields represent a digressive abstraction which may move in the two directions - of indwelling.

The bulk of notation may become a "dark mass" to which there is an increasing gravitational attraction of the artist who stands in both fields. The pull may draw from all that is in the notational field - and may exert attraction into the matter field - as magnetism does - passing through the solidity of the thick line - to make a growth along the line, that presses to it - upon the line - at the border to the material. This increasing dark mass thus exerts an ephemeral pressure from the material field to its edge, along the border - accumulating at one spot, becoming dense - and as gravity increases to it, spreads all along the border, which stretches along the endless supply of the material, and along the endless

supply of the abstract field of notation. A shape is made - an organism - with an increasing density and weight, and an extending influence - less in gravitation from the mass of origin, but, also increasing at a rate equal to the spread of the initial mass. While this does not cross the border in matter, its influence is felt - and - so it is, with this negatively attracted matter - that it influences and increases of density, in an organic, spreading shape - at the border of the abstract, along its thick line of division. See this perhaps as spiritual infusion - this exchange of influence. The compulsion to notate becomes a loop of negativity - of indwelling - on the problematic aspects and conditions of the material that amplifies densities in both regions. This loop simply draws the loose free floating particles of specific conditions, and compresses with their own weight into increasingly denser darkness. And, as the supply from either field is limitless, the loop can build its edifice permanently in growth. While growth suggests life almost by definition - change - and so, matter too - yet, the darkness compresses from indistinct cells from the free elements - and breaks these down at last by shear force of pressure. Notation remains compulsive, and is further drawn from the creative source by the gravity of what has already been established, and through the widening and regular use of its channel through the vessel - as it is imprinted by this use. Thus also, through imprinting, the further contributions are fixed in certain dark, or negative directions - by familiarity and the gravity that also emits. The problems of the material field in which the creator half dwells increase also as they gain support through the negatively fixed abstraction field - and, though not crossing in material through the thick line, influence of gravity is felt through it - and, the influence of the creator who lives in both - becomes supportive of this slant of perspective. As the field thickens around the thick line, the creator begins to disappear - as it loses both mass to the material and intellect to the abstract field - and becomes a mechanism undifferentiated from its machine-like role. From this, the mechanism will eventually fail - leaving the edifice it has generated behind, as a stone - to which there is no entry point - only - climbing over.

There is a positive way in the relationship - that may still be escape - but - escape - from those bad aspects that can so easily color a neutral field - and lead to re-evaluation of those negative experiences of the material field - and, also, in a gravitational way - attract - but, through a weightless means - not of the physical influence, but, of the nature of abstraction. Growth and change - in areas where it is natural inclination and not a corrupting force - and - transformation- . In purity of creation, pure nature presents itself - good - is natural - for creation that is not diminished by generation and is always of a good and positive nature. To create a notation in this state is to create a reinforcement of and furtherance in the abstract field of a good principle - which is generative, and growth affirms, not growth degenerating, or, negative growth, but - affirming - to the impulse - to create the new - which will not have this - negative buildup. To forget - the material field - is a point of departure - from which its affirmation may be generated. Negative accumulates as influence in physical - while, when stripped of it, the creation is light - it is free to fly into newness, into new thought and impulse - and motivation that drives the making of new notation forms, and steers toward excitation and surprise in its making. To be open to the sensation of pure presence, of existence in the moment of experience - and to be the mediating channel of that sense to a reaction that is not past, but which is simultaneous - as a notation of the capture of that moment - is the first and only step to positive generation of an abstract equivalence of material - and abstract field - experience. The mechanism that allows, the creator in the middle - can disappear here as well as in the negative aspects. But,

the disappearance - is not an extinction - it is a joining - a solidification - of purest purpose in the mechanism - where it seems to disappear - because it becomes a meaningful part. Like glancing at the light - one might cease to be before the act. One may live on through the perfect act of a pure nature. There is residual permanence - in the positive - it is not gravitationally dense in that way of negative - it is airy and may be entered as the positive breathes with life - and, the permanence is not of the creator, but of the generation that mechanism has enacted. It does not have to be of stone, or solid matter. No, negative exists as stone remnants - solid, impenetrable - with no room or space to enter - yet the positive - exists - lightly - as idea, as thought that is so simple there are many holes for breath and for the work to still be filled with living - because, it is always in the moment of its creation, and not render past, or dead. And is, not was. This is important to definition - of affirmative notation field - as it is renders, that it stays in present tense. And - perhaps, a value - love - comes into it - of the way material field works - when pure in purpose, the physics of it - the love of result, and sharing with matter, of mind- and abstract possibility that material allows as a second voice, when it is in the present, and not past - it allows for - perfection - that a notation can form around behavior that is natural flowing of events and action to change the states of material - it is moving - emotionally - and this is an important base for SURformal work - that it be sincere, and contains the emotion without mediation as part of this compulsion to be - and, to be part - . It would seem a subjective thing, but it is not - because it contains it - in a functional direct and unmediated way. It is thus not so much SUBJECTIVE as it is not retrospective thought or response - it is conditional to many matters at hand- not exactly scientific, as there is no superimposed method that is a past construction - that speculates on the future - but - all about the present - and - the future as more present as the future becomes, from inexistence.

Is there God in this? Openly defined God as singular entity, or tendencies with constant momentary presence - there is God, in it - as best manifest without retrospection - in works of the present and of the moment. Religiosity is not inconsistent with it - or, with SURformal principle - God flows through it - God manifests through it -as through matter and mind in the present state and in the state of continuing, unaltering presence. So - love - God - two powers which are hard for us to define shortly - two powers that yet are- but- which are what fills notation of my variety - that make - the undefinable cracks that give it generation and life - which is - so much part of motivation flowing.

To best describe me in these equations, I would say I am mechanism alone - I am one part of means of generation that i have taken my hand out of otherwise, and I am lessening personal presence, in exchange for me part of something, and also in giving way to natural powers and greater presence of other, of love, of God - that is outside of my mechanistic function. I use creator to describe mechanism before, but it is a loose usage - there is only one creator, and other is not creator - , is manipulation and manifest work of the one other.

Is notation instructive or is what we see artifact - can it move us to perform - it - for any meaning - .? The artifact is as a trace to hint at what might be achieved from in that state from which it came - as instructive, it is only so by example - to the achievement of that state. There may be many paths to becoming a part of a larger purpose, but through a simple act of connection, the field of notation can as good as any be a path.

I think - a personal angel - guides me through some of compulsive notation - I find - as with Glancing at the Sun/Light - it helps to have a presence from deep within, to oil the mechanism, to spill on it, an extra sensation - of commitment, of love - of feeling - that is a

distant target, for the return to some experience of the world that was transcendent, and which keeps a contact with the material, as it may be manifest in singular, transcendental moments of the likeness of perfection.

How to study and express - embodiment - and is it a separate preparation of the mechanism - to focus, or must it come as infusion in what has been established of compulsive notation?

This perhaps, an infused purpose - addressed as that, to see how that would be - an infusion as a gas to a porous substance, that reaches all points, porous nature of whole allows for infusion - consistent porosity - as would be the conditions of Compulsive Notation when idealized or reaching ideal state - close to what i have hence described - how would it be? That, with forethought of long thinking and clarity creates the consistent porosity - of a balanced and uncontaminated connection of act to matter to mind - without mediation beyond necessary mechanism - ? And allows infusion, with other- infusions, alongside - God, and love- and, angelic/ personal inspiration from life's nearness to perfect moments? They would mingle, like several winding currents in a stream of direction through the cavities of an organic and organically formed whole - attuned to nature and sparing unnecessary use or redundancy - of effort and of matter-. Complete infusion, no more, no less, filling, passing through and out into time and followed by the continuance of the current - of the sources that never cease to flow in natural, uncontaminated movement of direct connect, and cause effect. Always refresh, new, alive and in the moment of generation, standing firmly in positive affirmation of existing process-. They would mingle, like the infusion into a personal life, that keeps us from despairing of sad conditions and failures to deal with the weave of actions and events, which Compulsive Notation and its other possible likenesses not explored here can threaten to help us avoid - in the possible negative path of it on which we might digress? Along side it then, with the avoidance of that path - to create a positive light, which may illuminate correction to personal life - if we might consider its problems as possibly redirected to positive affirming means of correction, and not avoidance - ... such might be the very nature of infusion then - and the purpose of it - to generate a fail safe to avoidance - with God, love, personal transcendental moments - as a sweet wine - and lubrication, and, alixer - but - how is embodiment represented by this parallel infusion - perhaps - as defined as an identity of - to be - embodiment - which may oppose the disappearance of self - but, which may also function as a kindness- may simple be an ephemeral side stream to infusion - where, infusion may be thought of as a physical model - with the infusion - of - embodiment - following beside it like a ghost - ? without substance, even as the model of which is ephemeral in nature - a double ephemeral model, one stream more distant from material than the first, though both are ephemeral, and of the abstract field? Possible. We may use distance and degrees of material proximity to make our models - as one thing in theory may be closer to existence as a separate manifestation than another - due to likeness, and distance from a source model, though all live only in abstraction from the material...? Abstraction may be dividing in any way convenient - as it makes no matter- and, only matter to the purpose as a template that may influence- across that thick line - any, as long as this influence is of a positive nature, it will not congest, or slow natural purposes- only organize, and enable in different ways.

I have a notation form - that has lines, horizontal, and then, a diagonal from the horizontal - that seems to depict a landscape - simple, but then, added to - with triangles

atop the horizontal line like on a landscape - and, going down along the diagonal line - like, down a hill. They are like little mountains. From the sides of the triangle shapes come little jagged nest-like forms, in a scribble V shape - like stabbing into the mountains - mountains, or, volcanos - because, I realized, it is a simplification of a carving on panel that a dear person has sent me - of a landscape in Indonesia - though seeing her in 2007, I missed an Indonesia connection in 2008 and did not see her- slightly different from last jungle location - They were beautiful, stylized renderings - mine are crude line drawing, simply rendered, as with much graphic notation that is done freehand and quickly into bulk multiples- this one (art venue) i missed, with a volcano. It figured heavily in her subsequent art works. But, i found on contemplation, that i had absorbed it- from here stylized renderings -into a complete abstraction, as a kind of readable score, whose purpose has not been designated, only consistent internal logic, and whose purpose may never be affixed to any thing or any materials. It is "uncommitted." Yet, it is, as I have described before, a complete and consistent scoring. But, now I know its source- and now - perhaps, even as an unfixed form, it is a reference- to her -as is the Glancing at the Sun/Light, and thus, functions as a motivational infusion - of the love variety- of inspiration - I recall - through vicarious experience, and, through memory of my first contact with her in first jungle experience, a train between the two - one, we experience together, the second, her alone, but, transmitted to me, who has used her rendering as an initially unconscious beginning point from which i fall into compulsive - inspired- unfixed notation. And- through it - i relive a variation of the Glancing at the Sun/Light scores- through another form - a new form - source, not even my own experience, but hers. But, also, a means to draw me closer, and perhaps, closer than the first- because, removed from the material farther, and, also, more distant and farther in time. So, thus the aspect of degrees of abstraction may function here, with a different kind of distance from material experience. So, love manages- to work its way into many things through a unique perhaps means of infusion of its own. I should include examples, photocopies from as much of my notations in this text as i can, if it becomes longer- to make things clearer - .

But, the infusion of love should be very clear - distance, lack, forgetfulness- and all the battles of the spirit as it tries to retain some image and comfort for itself across vast distance time and matter. It is an embarrassing one perhaps, but, an important one in terms of explaining the power of the various influences and motivations - yes, love is a powerful example we all can understand. It is maybe the most commonly generative - though sometimes base, it is also the purist too - real love - that passing from material into abstraction - and lives like a soul without a body - and, the base is gone - the flesh is no longer relevant for the circumstance at hand - of distance - only abstraction remains to make the connection. Words fall short always- the established form of expression - only a unique singular notation will do justice to the uniqueness of ones own experience with their love. All romantics should thus become mechanisms of graphic notations as a means of more directly reaching out, across the abstract field, to the objects of their love. That is, i think, as close to an obvious fact as I will come. I think, though, it is my most powerful personal motivation. To reach, to disguise on the journey in an encoded way, in hopes that the source will decypher and understand - this deepest of human inspirations, a personal letter, a love- letter. If you send it and make it over and over and over in variation and multiple - it will get through - it might become the life work, but, it will take on its own life, this channel with intent, TO GET THERE and be understood, be read, make swoon - or cry.

Highly subjective, but, consistent with SURformal principle - that there is innate functioning - at rudimentary levels - that drive toward clarity, innate purpose and obvious meaning. Language of traditional means fails - convention is a horrible mediation - only the personal, singular language and means can truly communicate purity of individual meaning - and, only through suspension of that individual identity- can the proper language be achieved. It seems difficult, but it is not. To create the unique expression for the ONE experience or person is natural, and should be demanded of any true experience at any level of purity or directness in terms of connection - love especially - deserves a first, pure, unused, virgin- channel. It deserves - its own - notation - of pure - and individually directed - expression. And, it deserves - also - the suspension of the ego within it - which greatly purifies the form - so that - the object - is the center - and not - the one who sends. Consistent with the form, love - should be all about giving.

To mark - to begin - from nothing but a surface and a thing to mark with - turns the wheel. It is from nothingness, and it is desire to see what nothingness invisibly contains - that begins the process- described to this point. It is not to empty the mind, but to transpose the actuality of immediate circumstance into an image that mirrors specially an essence of possibility, of simultaneously existing moments - a multiple of present times, as if side by side, that do not conflict, do not change or alter each other, and which are equally true to laws of possibility. All invention in this realm is linked to that first act, of generation from the field of possibility and multiplicity, the laying of mark on blank page. To presume or make presumption as to direction or expectation is to create falsehood, to interfere with creation with the establishments that are past, of no immediate consequence, and open to the errors of retrospection. To rely on know things when in the moment is to destroy the moment in favor of a fictional, ineffective premise from which only extrapolated redundancies can grow. Possible movement becomes backward facing which moves nowhere, as it stands against the back wall of time - and which thus stays in place, and fills the moments, which do not wait, with empty usage .

Notations are a sidestep from the self - to form something that in absence states existence of the human artifact, evidence - away from it, without its history, without its problems or even its essence. It is a simulated survival. It is a footstep of being, and archive. It is past that was a presence. It is a mark, a desire, like the product that is a child, an attempt to formulate beauty in some sad failure that is never present, only that - in its making - mortality of humans, fleeting life, the giving way to... here is something - relating to more specifics of the God aspect I spoke broadly of earlier.

the **Unreason Switch**; a detachable multipurpose addition

Unreason -as a power or force - is perhaps one of the most powerful influence in motivation and in the process of accomplishment. To BEGIN itself is daunting at times - to envision what might follow, perhaps envisioning is negative influence at times, as it involves predictability and speculation of what will occur before the fact or process- and is a negative determinant possibly - to prejudge response to future circumstance we can not really know. Lower Consciousness is a desirable condition - to be in the moment as it suspends speculation of possible futures-...

So, BEGINNING is problematic. Even with Lower Consciousness in place, we still may experience a difficulty in starting because - it is difficult to suspend our belief that time



unfolds as it has in the past, there it is steady and will remain the same - even as we try to disbelieve in its consistency. Belief - as motivator - in the future as unfolding present events - is the other side of belief, the positive side -. Belief in constancy where constancy represents a cage rather than possibility unfolding - is a subtle difference internally, but a great difference in overall motivational fields. We must parse these things- with a sharp knife - that is a blade of unreason, and commitment - to - something. This something may be many things, but most will be ineffective against an overwhelming mass of influence of conditioning and result past experience, as we have seen self fulfilling presumption to be the rule. There is truly a narrow band width of what will be effective as a blade with which to parse. I think, it may be best narrowed down to a single powerful influence. The influence of Unreason, specifically, belief in God. I use the model of an monotheistic belief, because it is simple, and because it is innately mine. Unreason. God. Belief. Suspending reason and rational argument. Abutting the evidence that is absent of explained with the consistent to dismissal - of research and scientific method - not as return to a previous state of ignorance regarding predictability of physical properties- indeed, we find some of these are sound - but - not believing it them, as belief - but, thinking then that we know what will guide certain visible manifestations, and no more. The veneer. And, also, being aware that even within method, repeated observation will never make absolute. A question often asked in the history of religious speculation/ theology has been - is God governed by the physics he created as the creator of all things? Can God travel faster than the speed of light, etc. Many sides that ask the same thing. Is there absolute? Only absolute is perhaps that we must allow for there to be difference and for rules and laws to not apply at all. This is the blade of Unreason, this is God. Before I go on - I ask rhetorically - why is God the chosen blade? Because - answer without rhetoric - God represents most fantastically a huge "impossibility." It is thus the greatest leap of faith - belief - I can imagine, and thus, the greatest potential power - if this disbelief, if this received "reason" can be suspended. It is by far - the most powerful blade- I can imagine. Because, it means - if it is so, that a creator exists, than, all things less than that impossibility- become easily imaginable. Far far, the most powerful. Blade. Oddly then, I come to this first and only required Unreason - through my own form of reasoning, in pursuing the goal - of moving forward, from the BEGINNING. And examining this force from several of its boundaries, then.

God. To personify. What a thing, when we can barely understand what form of construct even the human personality is. Yet, in his image, if we introduce texts where that occurs - if we understand ourselves, truly, or somewhat, then we may have a hint of a divine composition of character- of course - outside of time - where we are - by text - altered, by the fall. As we dwell so much in the physical realm, where physics seem to guide as cages or rules or law, we can only see a very small portion within ourselves of what might be manifest in God. So it must also be true of text regarding God, that they all bear the limit of human, physical experience, and physics which is our boundary to cause/ effect based understand. To experience or understand beyond this realm, we must be able to believe that there is a God - which is outside of these limits - which must be only a small part of God's manifestation -as creator- who after all- must have made construction - from outside - of what did not yet at first exist - is which is all of OUR experience. So, we must imagine, in a way not confined by physic - of something outside of physic - and not picturing this, (as we can not with our reason) we must install an UNREASON within us - and, belief, and faith - in this, the first- mover.

The creations of mind- which may have so much in double meaning not governed by the physical limits of the presentational manifestation - a second manifestation of meaning as interpretation of what we see- may be allowed to exist in a parallel to the God. While we believe in God, and this gives faith to manifestation which moves out of the limitations of mind, and the extremely (tip of tongue effect here in real time as I write looking for word in "mind" ) not - traumatized... or biased... yes, here-... intellectually *stigmatized* perceptive processes of our own conditioned bodies- ( ironic word too) and as God is our model, perhaps we believe too, that mind manifestations of interpretation and meaning may also have an element of "reality" - by virtue of our primary example, as the real existence of God - makes all else again, possible. It is a switch - that allows the introduction of - a whole additional circuit. And, even the possibility of the suspension of the physic for us as well - as God created physic before physic was. God is the blade.

The power of prayer for example, as a means of access to this power, is a creative motivator. To think so much away from our own needs especially, to pray for others or another, to suspend our own desires while seeing the needs of others - defies the fixed reality of material worlds, where we are motivated purely by personal well being and gain, as it is the working rule of the physic in regards to inanimate and animate material both. To pray for, as most prayer should be, as a communication to another with God as mediation - as communication, with the mediator existing as an EFFECTIVE overseer who may be partitioned to in behalf of another - to communicate both a message and an effect of this wish as well - sort of life buying flowers for someone and having them sent by florist - but, no such exchange involved of course - no cost - to believe in that communication - first and foremost, the most important part of it, that one have faith it is effective, within the mediator's plan, and while partitioning, respecting the soundness of that plan as it has a bearing on such prayers being "answered"... imbues freedom. It gives relief to the bearer of the prayer - to let the prayer go - outside oneself, where it is no longer a wish one holds and builds ineffectively inside oneself, but which is sent away- and the condition of its generation internally, within the bearer, is softened, is given relief for sympathetic suffering, which we might imagine is part of a plan in which prayer is part, as the need to pray- to externalize these giving and sympathetic wishes - is also an innate part - that goes to the boundary of the physic which is the limit of our part of reality - and enters into an eternal place we know little of. This wrench may fix itself at this boundary - the space from which this prayer came - is open to further generation - a generation of praise, or offering - through the physical - to the eternal, which we may imagine has this opening we have made - and left ajar - our wrench - placed into the gap - the wrench of our sincerity and our positive, affirmative powers - of belief - and, this generation of praise and offering - may be the art we make, the creation of the parallel to the first, which was outside of physic and the laws in which we exist, but, from which we may be free, by virtue of our - virtue, through belief. There is more to reality than the tidbit we know. We can connect through faith and belief, to it.

Is Jesus a gate, as is prayer? He taught the disciples to pray, after all- and seems by both text evidence and by virtue of its own reason - to be an important part of faith, belief, and prayer in terms of function, and mechanism. He taught prayer. He was a gate himself, to the material and internal world of humans as they are bound by and working in the limit of the physic. He was an essence of the other unseen realms of extended reality we do not see, manifest in our own small space.

This was his "mission" - in a sense, he was a bridge - in human form - between the God - as living - perhaps - in some large part of existence, outside of our small physic - to our own small corner - in which God dwells, but, who we cannot see entirely - Jesus was a bridge - to the larger part - of God, to his thought, to his principles that rule overall a larger - the larger - realm - and which apply to our in part - but which also apply to the larger physic - and which in ours, gives to us unreason - unlikeliness - seeming impossibility- because of our limited part - of swelling. If we consider unreason in this way - as something we have some evidence for in transmission through and across the bridge- of Jesus, we have something that weighs in on the side of conventional reason - evidence, that this unreason - of which it is in our freedom with belief to explore, to comment on/ with, to create with/ from as a parallel body of creation and speculation, even - has a history - has its own set of conditions and physic as well - and not entirely or even so much part - of our blind reaction to it through belief- principles that through this bridge are perhaps given as parallel manifestation - things that may in fact be more easily realized in or small space- in an "our physic" mediated form - but which draw from the larger body of principles - of which we can have no sensory and experience based understanding. So, evidence, to apply to our belief and faith - that there is more - through this bootstrap of a limited transmission - over the course of a very short life- and departure, also given as part of the plan, which is outside of our experience - this evidence then, is a kind of gift - for the "faithful" - and - for those - who are less faithful, who need something which is in there world, to grasp - as a means of belief in what cannot be comprehended -. Indeed, Jesus often spoke in terms of parables, and likenesses to his listener's own common experiences - as a means to transmit his evidence and sensibility of the larger, outside physic. It is perhaps important that we consider this material, committed to us in his short lifetime and never written by him, and as transmitted after the fact through written language of followers - who we are told wrote through inspiration as to content, but who were also limited by available tools of intellect, of personal reference points, and the tools of experience - to put into common worlds - it is a brilliant - divine - move - to adjust - to our limited abilities- these greater things- yes, evidence of an exterior universe of possible physic -. So, though we are stumbling in our use of materials and physic limits as we explore our freedoms of belief and faith through human offering and creation, we have some - guideposts- delivered in crudely human, though sometimes also in beautifully human poetical words to describe -. It is important to consider that possibly, much after the fact writing, after the gospels - should not be considered as seriously - the commentaries, and the various edifices of interpretation, of ritual, and of religious/ church structures themselves - as these are less directly guided by the orally spoken word of Jesus as dictation to a small number of people - and, thus, as with the diluted qualities of art that steer away from simplicity and atomic clarity of reductionism (and my SURformalism, Lower Consciousness, Instrumentism, and Notation principles) there is likely much error that does not do service to the principles of an expanded physic/ word of God, and may cause confusion as to finding the way to directly accessing through faith and belief - and, the limited text we have that hints at the way; such dilutions can generate confused work to add to the pile of off the mark works and thoughts - that will not satisfy - the purpose, or instill in those practitioners - creators and explorers - and those in need of faith, too- the bliss that is part of the experience when universal principles are touched upon - hindering too then, the good they give, the life affirming, the inspiration to a giving nature, and to the healing - they can give as well. So - we must be

Careful - to stay fixed, with the evidence we are given, and be satisfied - with the qualitative limit of it - and try not to expand on the principles themselves- but, explore them as they are, such as they have been given, and then, with the freedom pure faith and belief allow, respond also directly to the experience of that, which will never steer away from the principles, as attempts to embellish the limited materials - unfortunately will, to the detriment of all, and to the detriment of the respect, in the eyes of those others with the common experience, for faith and belief in universal principles/ God in our smaller space. So, as with art that is not in some sense reductive, beware the dirt that muddles the water. It is a truth, that pure belief and faith are so simple, they are also so widely freeing. They allow for infinite creation where they are in place, and where God- is the blade. The principles he embodies parse the elements we work with in creation, by virtue of our exploratory sense - as heightened by the motivation and bliss belief/God instills in us - . Our elements are chosen - by reduction - and, by availability of materials that are in atomic/ elemental form - to use as our examples of the principles that rule over all - in this OUR sense it may appear arbitrary then, when one be chosen as material over another, but, this is where belief and faith- as pure mechanisms - will guide us - to a pure connection to the materials, to appropriate choices of materials for specific explorations/ expressions of creation, and for honest assessment, which with good choice, will never be impure, or misdirected to false expression, because of the purity of intention, and because all matter in reduced forms present workable materials for universal principles, hence, local materials and material accessibility will not present a problem for proper use or creation. Ideas will be chosen that are appropriate to them, as they dictate, consistent with consistency of physic in our world, and within its capacity to function as part of the wider, invisible and unreasonable (from our rational, method perspective) principles. In keeping with these wide freedoms, there will be no - error.

Notation within this - is beautifully explained, as response, as mechanism, as reaction, as art. It is an offering, it is a expression of the pure possibility that moves beyond the actual act and into the mental space at the time of notation generation - that is another parallel to the material. In compulsive state, it is an ecstasy - it is a bliss - a rolling over itself - and no hand can compose the bliss it dictates sufficiently fast - thus, it is always rolling over itself, falling outward onto the page... compulsive notation is bliss. It is desire to understand while dismissing understanding for purity of a direct contact with the first creative force - this expression - of God.

God - is the far margin, the limit - of expanded belief. It is unreason, impossibility, unlikelihood - because of faith required to accept it as possible, that God - is. Now, if one can believe, and have this faith, it calibrates the belief in what is possible - to a very wide range and margin. Because, as God is the largest possible seeming impossibility, all other things are far down or below it in impossibility - lesser impossibilities seem much less impossible, and even, quite possible, though unlikely. And, with this calibration, we can perform seeming impossible things that are lesser on this scale, because, our perspective has been widened. And, we can easily see- those things that are in fact clearly possibilities - because of this widened margin - things that seemed difficult or through past negative experience with attempts, or from negative received systems of what is possible, would simply not be attempted, for fear of failure, fear of wasting time, and for fear of an uneconomic use of time. After all, what is the point? If we accept something through a kind

of faith though, we are also accepting that we do not need to be in complete knowledge of purpose, results, and meaning. We accept, based on faith, as part of the larger acceptance, of the expanding scale of possibilities into the range of impossibility, where we must and do accept something PURELY by faith and faith alone. And where for some, religion may seem an uncomfortable cage, a belief and a faith then can be the most freeing tool and motivation to explore all manner of newness. God is a calibration of our perspective. It begins there, with faith, that we may be free, and completely free, to experiment with an infinite range of possibilities by virtue of this calibration.

Performance called "Possible Performance"

Notating literally and directly for an attempt to stand a tooth up on one of it's ends- I take boxes of toothpicks and open a box - i place a small white ceramic tile before me on a table - and i attempt to stand a toothpick on one of it's ends. If I fail or succeed, I try again, with a second toothpick, letting toothpicks if they fall collect in a pile on the tile, and when they become dense on the tile, I brush them away onto the surface of the table and continue with a fresh empty tile. I do this for many hours until I use up all of the toothpicks. Then I stop - to continue again at another time. I insist on a notation for this, As all, it will be handwritten, and consist of vertical lines on a page, each representing a toothpick that will be attempted at standing as the performances, corresponding to the number of toothpicks chosen for that time, for a short or a long piece, determined by venue and time availability, and also then determining which score of vertical lines I choose from. Here is how the score would be realized;

||||||| or, ten toothpicks

|||||||||||||||||||||||||||||||| or, fifty toothpicks

and, into the thousands.

beginning from a fragment tail...

System , it is only superficially or apparently so due to word meaning. In a broader meaning, for which this word is perfect for my purposes, thus, no need to coin a new one, prayer is simply an appeal to a higher power. Even God here is useful .Within my context of transcendental communication beyond the conceived possible, God was purpose within prayer. A mediating personification, will and bearer of messages when sufficiently pure and good (well intended, and intense) prayer and God can imbue a presentation with a manifestation of power, and a motivational strength that can push the limits of a believing performance beyond conventionally conceived of physic and mental capacities... God "flows in." As part of innate belief and tendencies to externalization for hopeful wishing, God and prayer is as existing a tool as the arm, the muscle in it, the intellectual guidance and physical coordination of the brain. As innately God is real, he cannot be dismissed from any equation or exercise or performance that aspires beyond conventional limits. God and prayer is impossible to ignore if it is. In crisis, (concern for others, concern for my own life) I have prayed to God. It was not systematic, and had nothing to do with religious conditioning. Six days adrift at sea in a sinking boat, I prayed for deliverance or quick death. It was an address to power - the power of the sea - to whomever might control all things -

to God. And, more importantly, I prayed to keep, for protection, a dear friend (later) who was on a mountaintop - who I know has a Christian faith, and who asked me to pray on another matter. So, I prayed for a mediating force she believed in - as well as to the innate manifestation of power in nature, the innate being coming into play in most extreme and helpless circumstances.

It is to the detriment of clarity, power, and purposefulness of any performance that attempts to truth and general meaning above pedestrian functions, of sleep, eating, sex, work, and even dreaming - God and prayer is real, no matter what one tries to say in resistance - to resist truth that is innate is to fall prayer to the dirt of counter productive cultural bias. God and prayer is functional, is biological, is innate, is purposeful, is psychological, is human - is inevitable in crisis, is real.

Notation strives to obvious immortality, even if it is only in the moment of writing - so that that moment - may be eternal - as a thing places to be referenced to, even if only at the moment of writing, and in this, it is connected to belief in a true immortality of the soul, taken and put on a piece of paper as a means of immediate reference for the same soul to see, that will last through eternity, the soul that in this world seeks comfort - that it IS - and that notation reaffirms faith - in a moment offset in time - time, which passes and leaves us questioning otherwise our existence into the next, and humanly fears disappearance of itself. The soul in this world is tied to physic and to the body- and is subject to the turning to self which is otherwise constant - to reaffirm - but faultily, through the means at hand, of the material world, which always leaves us in a questioning relationship to ourselves as we pass through the confines of time, from moment to moment. Eternity answers "problems" of this fragile existence, and notation along the way - defines us, turns our mind - to its artifacts upon a page - to see a future through the moments as they fly into the past.

### **One/Seven Found Wisdom(s) of the Thing (w/ minor apparatus) in four movements**

**\*Voice Throttle** (see description above) Performed as a first movement.

**\*Tubes with Objects and Muting** (see description above) Performed as a second movement.

**\*Dowel Dance** This unscored apparatus and action is as follows. Several sized dowels are wound with long length of string, several windings on each dowel, going in both direction. When all dowels are loaded, they are laid on the floor. One at a time is chosen. It is picked up, dropped, examined. Then, the loose end of string on one of the windings is taken in the hand. The dowel is let to drop from an elevated held position, and the string unravels from the dowel as the dowel falls to the floor, spinning the dowel as it goes, the string end retained in the hand. The string is then pulled with the dowel on the floor, so the dowel travels as the string unravels. The dowel is picked up again, and unraveled in different ways - quickly pulled from position in air, let go, and attempts are made to keep it from floor by string, even as it is unraveling - the "dowel dance" is thus created. When the entire length of string is unraveled, the dowel may be tugged by the string on the floor - and, I have found, that the dowel likes to wrap itself up with the string with its rolling on the

floor. It can then be unraveled again, so that the dowel travels in this way, across the floor, and pulled up by the string, dances in the air, its ends striking the floor, etc. as part of its dance. The next winding is then moved to on the same dowel, and the dance continues with the fresh winding. After this is performed, another wound dowel is chosen, and the exploration/ dance continues with the new performing object. This is a third movement.

**\*Hard Thrown Cotton Balls** There is no score for this action - a line of some sort is drawn or placed on the floor, perhaps ten feet from the performer's standing position. A box of cotton balls is opened, and a cotton ball taken out. It is thrown, like a baseball would be thrown, through the air, in the direction of the line, toward it like it is a finishing line at a race or some such. Another cotton ball is chosen. It is thrown. Power of the throw may be increased, and lessened, as additional cotton balls are chosen and thrown. It approaches the questions of possibility, as the line is the target distance - and as cotton balls fail to reach - power is increased, lessened, changed - in an attempt to overcome the limitations of the physic. This is a fourth movement.

This is a performance incorporating new materials, using a principle of newness and composite.

New Form: "**Flat Claps.**" This form can be performed solo or with multiple performers. String is tied lengthwise of different lengths of boards, or onto panels, such as tile, stone, etc. - sufficient in size so that they do not turn over onto other faces, but are raised up and when released, they "clap" against the floor. The strings should be tied around the material so that the pulling end of the string is on the edge of the material, facing away from the direction in which it will be pulled. A person may stand with various configurations of materials around them - randomly in formation, or in a circle, and other imaginable variations, some closer perhaps, some farther away. The string after the point where it is tied should continue in length long enough so that it runs to the performer as they stand at some distance, so the material is activated in a sort of remote way. The performer pulls the strings, attached at different locations to materials in the space, and performs an orchestration of the materials as they are made to clap in different combination (one string per hand) or/and in sequences. Multiple performers can of course extend the orchestration and create more complicated interactions and complex sequences. Effects will vary with size, with surface area- as well as material - and lighter material may allow a more dominant "wind sound" or softening effect - of the displaced air. It may be necessary to place "stops" at the opposite ends of materials, especially if they are at greater distances- so that they do not slide across the floor instead of lift off of it. Bricks or for heavier material, concrete blocks could work well. Or, material - such as boards- placed between clappers - across the floor - against the ends - to keep them in place. This concept could also be developed as part of the "instrument"... A matrix of these materials could be placed, ends to ends - each having a string around- the overall weight of them, ends to ends on the floor, would keep them in place, and, the form would create many possibilities for selecting clapping from a matrix of them. Possible difficulties would be of course if they shift out of place, and the edges of the materials overlap - disallowing the desired flat falling onto the floor. But, these are possibilities.

There is a particular space in which I have performed which has a floor made out of steel

panels that are about a foot and a half by a foot and a half. The space was an IBM research facility once I think. The steel panels sit on a frame, and are loose - they may be pulled up, sitting in place by their own weight. There is space underneath them, a large hollow that is very resonant. The space, which was a gallery/ performing space, was recently lost through rental increases. But it appears it might have been rented again, and is being used as another gallery. In this case, to perform there again, I would use this floor as special Flat Clap situation. While I may use other materials on top of the steel floor in the Flat Clap situation, I would also tie string or wire around these panels, and pull them up from the frame, to be let go and sound themselves - in the same way as I would the other materials. The space beneath will resonate with these claps in a spacial way, creating an instrument - as the steel panels fall and land of the frame they sit in. The clap characteristics would be different than the flat clap achieved with two flat surfaces meeting. But, they would compliment.

Exploring some elements of the score form **"Voice Throttle."**

First of course is the fact of the throttle. It can appear self effacing, or, a reference to suicide. The image is undeniable - that of hanging. But the purpose to which the apparatus is put - denies this interpretation - or, dismisses it as irrelevant. It is like ignoring the interpretation of something by a "dirty mind." If intention is pure and separate from that, reference may be sidestepped, and become a mere note of irony, as the purposes of newness are overwhelmingly life asserting. But as it is unavoidably present, and, the weight is not on THAT, it must be considered then, as an aspect of interpretation met with statement - that even denial/suicide and self effacement - can be incorporated as a denial of IT - to deny the denial - as an irrelevance and even impossible or fictional reality - for the composer's world. It can not exist - in a affirming system, only incorporated for its physical properties and similarities, but not in its purpose, or in its weight of world view. All of that is stepped on in the creative act of practical use, for affirming purposes.

The forms have a pictographic quality. The apparatus is literally represented. Combined with this is Mouth Part Position symbols, which are also literal in a sense. The triangular shapes - are functional as a score aspect, as they accommodate the space taken up on their tips to render the MPP symbols. The triangles also represent a measure of time taken - in a way a straight line cannot. Because, they take up space in the score and on the page. The "fill" in of the triangles is purely for score readability and distinctiveness. The relationships from left to right side also have a literal reference as they refer to left and right side of the throat. The order of performance is not suggested in this placement, as it deals with apparatus, which in this case is indifferent to order of events. Direction of reading is open. The extended body - in which the voice is contained- is incorporated as extension of the conventional instrument of the voice. Its parameters have been altered, and the mechanism, added to. If the rope used is as an external or played instrument, than the body is in a way also, as used, it is external to the voice alone. In this way, the voice does not sing, but, is "played."

The voice is such a transcendental object; everyone has one, everyone can "sing" in a fashion, no matter how tone deaf one may be- anyone can hear a melody and in their own mind anyway, rendering it as they attempt to sing. To use it as a focal apparatus with secondary controlling, it is further objectified, and this extension is also available to all and any. Even so, that it is an every-instrument, it is yet an analytic simulation of the purpose



of "to sing." To remove, by adding this controlling of secondary apparatus, ie., rope manipulation, it places the voice in a context of, as i stated, a "played" thing. To me, this is a significant distinction from an unmediated, uncontrolled - voice. The voice becomes a tool, though with it, it retains the universality of its presence, as this apparatus is simple, and is also as available as the voice. Short of material for throttling, the hands themselves may be used- also then, body present, then, even closer to the voice, yet, secondary, the hands. With this, we alter the first reference of hanging - and replace it - with strangulation. Hanging and strangling can both be ways to commit murder, but self strangulation by hand - this is something different. It is closer to an unlikelihood - as a person would more likely stop - do to unconsciousness - before murdering oneself. So, strangulation to death - is more likely as murder of another, less likely as a form of suicide. So, we step away from suicide in the strangulation act - it becomes then more symbolic of an act on another. Even within - the limits we have set, which is that this is not an overall or over-ruling reference, because the form is more affirming first - but it is that presence of the negative reference, which is yet turned around and used affirmatively, in a positive light. Yet, it is a different kind of aside or subtext - it is more external, by some degree. So, let me add to the performances of this, a second part, a variation. First we have Voice Throttle; hanging, next, Voice Throttle; strangulation - yet, we don't not want to let these distinct aspects dominate, as they are used only as lower affirmative ways - so, bury deeper in definitions - so - say other things - more- first - create a longer title, a more complete immediate definition to set this distinction into, at a lower rung.

So, we should see - that compulsion exists not only in drive to find through repartition and narrowing, but through expansion as well - to define in an expansive direction - that is further compelled to reduce from these branching processes, in the original way, of compulsion as reduction. It is thus a situation of push/ pull, of expansion, and of shrinkage, through side movement - dichotomous separations - reductions- and then, other side expansions. Again, we return to a balancing act, of reason and rational, with unreason - on the outer, wider shell of this one kernel. Furthering the exploration of suicide versus murder of another as a subtextual reference, we can see a lower level exploration of sins, of moral violation - at two, being less so, but with possible more, definitely lending themselves to being put into hierarchies for both purposes of ordering, and for purposes of exploring degrees of immorality and seriousness of transgressions. To put hanging and strangulation, even at the level of subtext ( then, the means of categorization) side by side in performance, we have, in the affirmative higher aspect, as claiming the apparatus as useable for "pure" rendering, a subtext as an offset; a presence of the world in which we live, as containing a continuum within it of destructive forces - of the negative- even as we claim its vocabulary - for positive purposes. It is a call then for vigilance and a call then for the observance of these matters, even as we look away and apply our attentions toward the positive and generative. Still the negative exists, below it all, as an offset, and comparative, to our greater attentions.

### **Self Regulated performance**

Find a way to successfully tape 2 bottles of bottled water to the right hand, so that fingers are around the necks of the bottles - and are firmly attached by tape - . Open cap on one, drink deeply from. Begin action with left hand - as yet, undesignated. While performing

with the left hand, drink periodically and deeply from bottles fixed onto right hand. Need to urinate will terminate the actions performed by the left hand, and performance will be over, as both hands are attached to body, which is affected by actions of both hands.

## **Transcending a Possible/Impossible Dichotomy**

Perhaps

best way to move away from feeling of impossibility is to move away from the dichotomy entirely, of possible/impossible. Perhaps, to move to an unexplored condition or state, where limits and rules guiding function do not exist, so, nothing is assumed. Then boundaries, if they will exist here, can be explored in an unbiased, non predetermined way - not in a state of ignorance, but, one of - innocence.

Perhaps in approaching this state- which on entry we must assume is outside where we have previously been - we consider the transfer to it, of the optimistic frame of mind that allowed the leap - an optimistic state - that does not judge in terms of success or failure of attempts to do - the pessimistic mind set, of "learning" a narrow path of effectiveness based on predicted results, and results coming near prediction or desire - may be left at the door. So to not immediately form the same limitations of the established states/ conditions - rather, to form a presence in the new state where the binding approach we escape is not confining our movements and actions within it. Here then, we have opportunities endlessly, not first and second chances, but, endless- to express the directives of motivation and desire, detached from effectiveness - dependent rather on the purity of intention, the purity of a sense of knowing based on rightness, and not on the false method of exploring our reality with cause and effect through satisfaction, of progressions that are formulated to dismiss broader possibility - from the possible/impossible dichotomy. To sidestep this formation does not lead us into a chaos, but rather, into an area of the innate - not preprogrammed, but, into a region of the natural considerations of what we live in - as defined by forces external to us, but, not fabricated, human ones. The considerations, which we do not know beforehand, because we have abandoned our so called effective knowledge with the falsehoods - is left for us to discover one fact at a time, in their natural occurrence, in a setting that is free from biased attachments and false associations. There is left only - the innate.

Within the innate falls biological imperatives for the living, and physic properties that governs all matter. Action becomes effective or null based on the parameters in place within the innate conditions.

## **Prayer Clocks**

These pieces - which have a general notation system to guide variations of specific performances - are designed to create an additional state to our daily operational one - in which a state of undistracted and focused prayer may be entered. The conceit is based on bodily fatigue - the body becomes tired - effort is spent to maintain the action at hand - and - AFTER the point of exhaustion, the "second wind" state is found - often, suddenly - where breathing becomes steady and regular again, and effort becomes transparent - and, occupying the body - as the mind becomes separated, and, is freed. To do this, i use a method of action and image that is then the bi-product, the obvious part of the

performance - while the inward state - of prayer - is indicated by the titling of the piece - and, based on facial reading and body state, this prayer state - may be visible, as an alternative state, as that other state is made obvious to some who are observant by these body condition changes. The content of these prayers is of course invisible, and that part of the performance can only be experienced by the performer, and, perhaps, the recipient or object of these prayers. Here is how it is conducted.

I/performer stands in a central location in the performing space with sufficient space around in all directions for the action. Performer takes a long wooden dowel - it may be thick - for deeper tones it will make as sound, also requiring greater effort - or, thinner, for a higher "wind" tone - less effort, but, a trade off - for the sound- in either case, the performance is only a segment of an infinite time in which this would be ideally performed in - heavier dowel perhaps allows a sooner entry into the state because of more immediate fatigue - while thinner dowel - makes a more gradual achievement of the state - this forms a duration aspect to that part of the performance - as a liquid, unseparated "movement" if you will, that blends into the next movement, which is the desired state. The dowel, if for a longer duration, and there is fear of losing grip on the dowel and having it fly dangerously away - may be strapped or taped firmly onto the hand, with the hand gripping one end of the dowel. The performer then follows a guiding diagram, which will dictate turns of the body, rotations- by degrees determined by score. Degree turns have a "fine" limit - of 45 degrees - for purposes of clarity - to small degrees would be a subtlety lost in the course action the follows, which requires great effort, and which, at least in the first part of the effort, require a focus on movement detail that would take away from the overall concentration required. So, 45 degrees is the small size limit. The large end of the degree of rotation between action is 180 degrees - , and of course, in the middle, 90 degrees may be observed as an option. This is "local" time frame of the "prayer clock" - that is like human creation of time, while the time of the overall rotation - is indeterminate - or, endless- potentially - like, the unknown limit of a human life, which is out of our hands, and can not be predicted. So, with degree moves decided, the performer, equipped with dowel strapped to hand, faces one direction to start - the perform then swing the dowel out in front of self - from one direction - limit of reach - to the other - limit of reach - in front of the self. With a slow meter, the performer then turns the body by set degrees- let us say, by 90 degrees- to face the relative right side from starting position, which keeping position/location - at the standing center. The performer swings again, the, turns. And swings again - and so on, each time, swing the dowel AS HARD AS THEY POSSIBLY CAN. There is maximum effort, each time, no matter the fatigue - so that each effort is at the border of what is locally possible- for the performer to perform - and, thus, maximally "sincere." Eventually, fatigue will set in. Them exhaustion - which must be gone beyond - maintaining the maximum effort with each swing - and, steady, regular turning times, and, swing times, to guide in an effort to achieve required concentration - partly dependent on certain regularities - that occupy the body - regularity that, once the state is achieved, retain attention of the body - in part, through the regularity - variation of timing in local occupation while create a window through which the fatigue can return, or, for body awareness to return. So, the turning and swinging - goes on. The state is achieved at some point - regular breathing comes, fatigue feeling disappears - mind is freed. Prayer begins - a focused concentration on image -i find, is best - to think in image terms - instead of verbiage, which

is sufficiently broken in its regularity that this too can create a window for the return of body fatigue - so, the specific use of the mind state achieved is also important. The image should be decided beforehand. This will keep the mind from being "used" by the performer, which i found, "use" requires some level of body occupation - and, pulls the mind or, more accurately perhaps, the spirit - back to the body. Specifically, by image, i mean - it may be not just a picture or object, but it may be a series, or the visualization of scenarios and events. To dwell on, as it were, that are known to the mind, and spirit - and, will not require engagement of judgment or logical thinking - spirit - the mind may invent, and imagine, along with these images, but, the spirit will guide it - it will come, as a flow, and be effortless - will can be engaged - to visualize - will, as presence - but, it should be of a transparent kind - and, natural. It must- come. If used to prayer state, it will come on its own, which is best - force may then be applied to create the intensity - to match the plateau that the body has reached - of the spirit. I found recently - this may go on - for a very long time - i imagine it - indefinitely - in the past, the Prayer Clock has been part of another performance sequence - i reached the maximum state - for fifteen minutes- eventually, fatigue returned - and the prayer ended - though the fact is, i was under time constraint. Recently, I just did the Prayer Clock alone, by itself. I used a medium heavy dowel, so fatigue was achieved - and then, exhaustion - i continued, and suddenly, at once, fatigue was gone, breathing, effortless and steady. I continued to turn and swing regularly. I brought on the image - a prayer - for and about someone, and desire - i was able to continue for an hour with no feel of fatigue or needing to stop. My spirit was separate from my body. I eventually ended, because of time constraint. A small amount of fatigue came then, but surprisingly little. My breathing remained effortless and steady after the first shock of stopping, of reattachment to myself. I could have gone on for much longer, though i do not yet know the limit. I found, when i unwrapped the tape fixing the dowel to my hand - that the dowel was soaked with my blood. I had skinned much of my hand. Perhaps, a covering could be put on the skin beforehand - to limit damage - i was unaware of course that the damage was being done. I will soon i expect perform the Prayer Clock again, in a setting of open duration - as a public performance - i think, energy of public may add something - to the effort - i think, witnesses wish to see the thing continue - because, i found in conversation, that the effort seemed miraculous - and, the audience was frozen - watching - and, i think, wanted this continuance - to be witnesses to a miraculous thing - also, as a demonstration, i think it important - to show - something impossible, or, at the boundaries of a human limit - may be performed - and, going past difficulty - into a kind of ease - suggesting the possibility that such a thing may be performed by many, by any. In part, that is my message, to show (not to elevate myself, but to illustrate as Jesus did) how to pray in a certain, powerful (and effective, i feel) way.

The notation consists of this - a circle is used - to describe rotation degree. It is a notation devise i use to indicate in other pieces, location of an event in a series or sequence - but here, serves a second purpose of being a literal symbol for rotation degree. The circle has a line within it, a radius line - from the center, rising vertically, to the edge of the circle and stopping. This is the home or beginning position of the performing, the first location in the sequence of rotations. The swing sign is a short vertical line with a horizontal line that comes from its right hand side and continues in the right direction, falling into a curve downward at its end, representing the end of the swing - . The circle for the rotation after

the first position, if determined degree moves is 90 degree increments, will then be the circle with the radius at 90 degrees to the right. There is a 45 degree position too of course - as that is one of the increments we can use. The next circle in a 90 degree increment is then a radius vertically downward, then, radius horizontal, to the left, and then, back to vertical, home position. That describes in a literal notation the rotation scheme.

It is important that there be no special preparation for these pieces. To exercise, or to make up a program to build stamina - would be counter productive - it would calibrate the experience such that desired states and change would be lessened in completeness, or rarified. Only preparations that should be made would be for audience safety and for bodily damage during the piece, such as winding the hand with material so the skin doesn't rip off.

This piece is composed of "soft movements." They consist of distinct states which are like movements in their distinction, but, which blend into each other - or, arise and change abruptly, but, with no pause as typically would distinguish one movement from another.

Important to work with and develop from this and other pieces is a mental distinction between resolve and ego. How to be true to values and purpose, while suspending judgment and the centrality of a self? Action may examine this.

...and, how to synthesize the seeming coincidences - and miracles- that may be a result of any such focused prayer ; should result be anticipated, and, when occurring, incorporated? Does this conflict with the notion of newness, of forgetfulness as part of Lower Consciousness, or, is it perhaps a feeding into the innate qualities that are the base operation/ atomic level of all that occurs as action and intent?

## **Lowered and Dropped Stone Orchestrations And Arrangements**

This form has a literal notation - a horizontal line to depict a dowel held horizontally - vertical lines from the horizontal one, going downward, to represent the strings, and short horizontal lines at their ends - two - close together - to represent attached stones - the farther apart the two horizontal lines are - the larger the attached stone is. The lengths of the strings may all be the same. That illustrates a unison orchestration of stones. The dowel is lowered from a position in front of the performer until the stones reach the floor, in unison, and bump it - to sound. This may be done several times - there is a short horizontal line drawn on some or all of the vertical lines that intersects them. This is a "cut" line - the strings will be cut at different times when the dowel is raised, and stones are above the floor. This will create a sequence - of dipped-to-floor soundings, and stones that drop onto floor, individually, after the string attached to that stone is cut. Beside each vertical line is drawn a circle with the radius drawn at 45 degree increments from center to edge of circle - this circle form here is used to dictate an order of the sequence - of cutting the strings- from first position - vertical radius - to 45 degree rotation (in time and sequence) to the right, to 90 degrees to right, to 180, etc. A sequence and numbering simple system with reference time and order naturally in a reference to progression. With these elements in place, we have a score for dipping and cutting that dictates arrangement. Horizontal lines, where the floor would be - indicate the number of times the apparatus is dipped. The horizontal lines are "stacked" a small distance from each other, to indicate the number of times the apparatus is lowered. The vertical lines can be of different lengths as well. This means that when the apparatus is lowered, some stones, which are on like lengths of string with others, will sound together, while, as the apparatus is continued in lowering, other

sets of like length strings on stones will sound together as a set - after the first. This is a further orchestration and arrangement. All of these notation aspects may be assembled in variation to allow for many variations of the broad compositional form, as many as can be conceived, allowing for infinite variations and compositions, as with any true compositional system of notation. Aspects of these compositions are akin to **Dragging Scores** where string length and orchestration is determined by physical and circumstantial values.

A systematic way may still incorporate change and observance of the miraculous - of - results - while not building, as to eliminate possibilities through exclusion by observance of "success" or "the positive" - but - to incorporate through accumulations into the innate base - those things that seem like operation laws that are always present, but only, newly discovered...

...and how to actively explore, and not fall into being a passive receiver - of a miracle, and of the observation - of the indescribable beauty of life?.....

...perhaps a system of beauty, that is generated not by intellect, but by a shapeless sense of continuity and bliss - that satisfies the analytic need to a systematizer of ideas and information - because, it has innate form, and rational, even as it defined the categories and the borders of reason.... may be enjoyed and observed, and understood by the act of opening oneself to a miracle of life...

...which places matter outside of bliss into a neutral field that by the absence of bliss becomes a hell that is free of sensation, or awareness of one's living...

There is a **bridge** between these two fields, of bliss and other. But let me call them "blocks" for ease in talking of them as distinct objects, with substance continuity within them...

**The bridge** ... is.... waiting... the bridge itself, is the act and time and transitional object of the wait. Waiting holds within it a gravity in both directions - , to passivity and the familiar the old life..- and a gravity toward the power of what is fresh, and new, and, good - toward a transformation - the bridge, a suspended walkway that holds on it the influence of past and future, a future as forming in increments - as the bridge builds itself toward the direction of bliss - as increments of change add stone and wood to the construction - and weigh the mass, and hence the gravity - toward the bliss - the bliss, which is always refreshed - no matter how familiar - never "old," always - progressing - because, creation can become familiar, but is a state of movement - sustaining beauty and growing to higher levels as have not been before, so, always rolling out toward future indicated but unrealized experience, bliss, and time...

...**the wait**... is struggle to cross this bridge- and the object nature - of the bridge. And once crossed, the bridge - it withers as an old vine - the increments of movement are as past, and live as memory, the ghost of this bridge, which lives on in the bliss, the difficulties and struggles, as reminders in the bliss - of all that was changed, and gained, ...and striving toward the value that is true...as a reminder, so that bliss will not be turned away from, so

another bridge will never form - a ghost - that haunts the shallows that remain in every human soul, of ego and self love, a haunting that will keep in check - the influence of ill perspectives that have formed as parasitic traits - that steer to self destruction and negative behaviors of time and actions badly understood and reacted too, of fear and loneliness, and the living dying of hope when it has been too subject to a painful knife upon the nerves... and weakness made a perpetual house to dwell in, to keep from feeling struggle as failure, by embracing- failure - as dwelling.

To perform from the bridge, from the waiting.... to compose - from waiting -...is one form of affirmation toward its blissful side- . To compose, to perform - is a positive output of the struggle, a diary of tasks and questions to pose to a higher power - as the flight toward the good cannot be done as an ego laden individual - the ego discolors purity of the good, ego is the inward spiral that at it reaches its center will extinguish itself, at the end of a spiral of behavior and self gratification, which is inconsistent with the good, which as a place of bliss - is a place that is shared - by an object or objects of giving - a singular object - first - will spin from it a giving field of its own - as the approach is made by the suitor and his/her need to offer up the future in exchange for the shedding of the past- some marriage rituals embrace this - giving away - to a new place. For a man and a woman, in the perfect love, it concerns offering all - worldly connection, past, and remnant of self - which cling as last vestige of the ego. In the abstract, it is a series of relationships of matter, interaction, and proportions. In the theoretical, it is a relation of topological forms, liquid in nature, but discrete and distinct within their own borders as they approach the other, so to mix, soon to compound, and make an indistinguishable connection of interconnected parts - as a chemical bond - but then, reduced - to a purity - that is rather - elemental - and, irreducible from the compounded state - to an elemental one - that represents an elemental equivalent - of the compound. Performing and composing then, from this, is like the action of fluids as they move to reform in the way described.

The ...questions... posed as performance and composition - in this place - is the force that stirs - it is the power of innate reason of the human node- in collaborative form with the striving to give, to be free of ego - in the pursuit of the feeling of perfection and bliss - and the place of bliss- that results from giving - the questions - address also innately - the block of other. To reform as question of nature and analysis removes the block of other from its place as past experience and looks at as a set of values as a template - placed against a second, that of the projected bliss, as thought about in future terms, as resulting from indications along a path of good - a progression of completion and expectation - that is partly realized, as it is not yet formed - in terms of contrast to past ego laden experience, the other, as template, against which expected bliss is place, and, like a filter, allowed to let pass what portions may pass into the bliss- the past - that perhaps has been - a building material which may be committed to the building of the bridge - because, it is - a positive - only, attached by vicinity - to the ego, and the negative manifestations of the past.

### **The Afterego ; the remaining vessel**

In keeping with the materials and approaches of the reduced lens as has been described along the way, in the process of graphic notation generation, the questions - may be posed

with the use of reduced matter, reduced action, that approaches the world of basic physic and phenomenon - in a kind of intuitive research. While it might appear it is formal, as it is SURformal, it is infused with subjective experience, second meaning as metaphorical reading, and the life experience of performer once stripped of affectation of ego, submitting the remaining vessel (the **afterego**) to a process of attachment - to the actions, materials, and resulting affects - of reduced focus physic and inquiry. The process- like the laying down of templates, of the other and the bliss upon each other, forms a steam of its own, while pushing through and giving flow to particles of "good" suspended from the filtering effect of the two templates - building up the bridge, like stones moved by a river to a delta - and leads into the future to be enjoy with the bliss. So, in waiting, we stand aside from other and from bliss- we turn them as if objects, when flatten them, as templates and use to filter and cancel out - in waiting, we suspend - the past and future - and without the ego, (**afterego**) move with fearlessness to question fear, and bliss, and we compare - as if a machine -

our goodness, put outside aside perhaps in air beside the bridge above the abyss - which if we fell into would be like as a funnel to the other - where all else but bliss - will go - as is the nature of the other gravity, the nature of the gravity within abyss.... which pulls to other.... it is the **Afterego** which allows operations from the bridge - a place where self would be too lost, the bridge, where in truth, the future is *already done* - but still unfolding, like a dream dreamed twice... the self is owned by ego - the **Afterego** gives itself away to objects of its love - the vessel - after --- ego - pure, without the fear, or doubt, or questions of the right and wrong, which needn't weigh moralities as there is only one thing moral, where the **Afterego** is inside itself, in the atmosphere of good - which makes the air around the place - of bliss.

...an object- to attach to will come, but only on its own, and in its time its own or my the time through which it is governed in its progress from a place to here before the waiter... - but waiting - suspended - without action, without movement, on the bridge- this waiting=-taking time - for the object to arrive - is possible for **Afterego** - but, for that alone - there is no other state in which one could bare the waiting.... behavior draws back to the other- behavior motivated by the ego's will - and seeing as the object comes - to know which object is the one one waits for - only seen by after vessel - only pure eyes - can distinguish - the nature that is right, the time that is ready, the purpose and the way to move - to give the all.

### **What eyes to see...**

...the eyes see- different from the vessel before ego - or transformed? Are the eyes- in fact different eyes? To give away oneself - makes eyes as not ones own - and one then sees- without possession or in fact possessing what is seen, and this will change the eyes - as they are given - to a seeing of the object to direct the giving to - the object where the eyes belong - through which the object then may see itself- from outside of its vessel - to give the eyes- is to see without the eyes, but to see - with the sense remaining - of what these given eyes - will see- directed - to the object - which is the true possessor - of - them, the eyes. Like giving love - returns a greater sense - of love.



And so, suspended on the bridge - ... waiting ... composing in the time of wait.... performing there... before the object.... comes.... preparing and retaining - **Afterego** preparing best - the heart...for giving to the object... then the eyes - go - given - first- while that object hasn't come - the future has rolled back - and manifest- the moment- for the eyes to be given away -....

- lines, powers, giving up possession, vessels, out of vessels, dismissal of ego -  
- eyes given before the object comes, direction, times, from past to future, happened, not yet occurred, but *already done* as dreams dreamed twice -

*waiting*  
*waiting*  
*waiting*

- how to act suspended between two blocks that are opposed but of a different balance of strengths - depending on the preparation of the vessel on the bridge between -

and influence  
to compose  
to  
perform  
to  
give  
from  
before  
the perfect  
state of bliss

this is some essence an oil from my skin, I am, diluted water from my mouth, the fluid rising from my thought in a straw or plastic hose, sentence story string of word... air, finger, - drown in mud...

radiation, chronic hand washing, weeds, ...faint smells ...faint sounds...  
voices...

wood carving, preserving fluids...

my thought burns white, the thought of a face image I remember and am fixed to...

what happened before everything turned - there is, the action and then it disappears into a dot, there is a sound and then the air is pumped out -there is a departure and arrival, and there is close and distant - with assorted and adjusted - many and countable life long things -

corrections - replaying...

under one arm, five stones, three twigs tucked under the other, let go, one side, the other -...  
operate from inside...

extrude from dark room in silence...

time dismissal time and pace unification of seventeen fingers to one hand,...

the time is unexpressed and a wire attaches heavy objects invisibly...

I am waiting in a line for continued corrections-...

Pieces are falling off of the walls...

I am still, without moving now, I have no activity – I have one leg moving, the other still...  
Move through screens of substance... of subject...

I can sense some of the known, but largely what is after my control is a question, I am  
chaos...

I can smell copper on my fingers - ...  
Stand here...

I am on a cracked crystal surface – what is coming from inside when it flakes away...  
What is the swirling wind...

Rolling descent through a hole - ...

What has happened, what comes still...

To sleep and wake and sleep and wake...

Sleep and wake And find, it is done, and it is in...

Breathe with nails and sparks...

The buried pike like compost of thick secrets...

Stopped action...

Slowed ego thick cream...

Pinch, of the rise

...

...

Ego thickened...

cold air fruitens, lightened air warms, skin oils merge, muscles turn, bone...

Bright lights, again...

Old, new – turned right ...

There in of that is are the purposes and the engine that circulates and shifts – that draws  
like arrows and darts, and pulls down lightning - I am is of that as is the pipe aligns us as  
the made is singular, and the aligned is joined – bound with straps of an unpremeditated  
invention - bound by soul imbued of one God, made through life - where blood descent,  
where skin and ancestor fleshes us out - an invention of thought becomes in part visible  
then evaporates with intention remaining, of a title, of a phrase suggesting... chromatic  
series...

Chromatic state...

I see your mouth...

I post the pole, it is the pipe....i state my simplicity and direction...the image of the  
reduction of all activity and purpose into its parts.... Apart...spit, salt – vegetable juice,  
mold-...the future made by two hosts, make this so, in the casting forge of the great one, to  
be seen, the blessed eyes, the seeking of the focusing of lens – felt in the air as a distantly  
emerging assault - ...hummmmmm and thunder inside thick walled library, the book of  
composers and contemporary composition a valuable passage, - a hooded... past essence,  
clearing, watery halls – dark eyes waits -,... close, then farther away, I don't judge –  
tormenters and with a mask, - ...the forms of art taking, the art making from the fingers to  
the hands arms shoulders to entirety, art matter must be in part a bull substance, where  
errors are blessed, where correction extends the error, compounds error, is more, a  
complete error – the thing that burst open and spilled out intention, - art objects/ action  
requires a rupture – of the use of matter, and of the use of reason and practical time... art is  
the user that takes advantage of multiple facts, and has a cause and purpose its own which  
it only sometimes shares... for thickness, for chromatic actions - into unlocking doors, for

recognizing past events of materials, and the flush of remembering into forgetting – and absence – when art is stopped – as if corked or dammed, - it should come out through the skin... it should come out – and not come back - ...I should make a short list, and it should have some moving foci and shifts, rotations – stomach, water washing...

Orderly, bright...my hands are in flames, the making itch, the propellant of generative form spinning, weaving of utopian fabrics – ropes around the neck, tugged while singing, the voice throttle, and, am drawing from the same bliss as the scream that crosses continents, the glancing at the light to see a vision of my mate – in the white of blindness – in heavenly, or, angelic glare - ...

Blocked and this collapses down the central human column, and, then hard to find again, so , like, a shadow...

conditions perfect to each select set when a utopian spark was flashed, when fire came- ...when it comes -...

Rememory, again -...

...am a pinion point or a driven nail, INTO my place 2 feet surrounding me in any direction, to be found, in my station, invisible artist standing - ...

Silent while solidifying-...prepare the art object from the daily rinse of construction...

What am I but the thing...

I saw...

I inflate, creative impulse when I am approached -...

Abstraction bladder - ...

Knuckles, elbows with advanced bone spurs -...

The art object is the rift between each day -...

Falling, rising...

Holding while next dropping things OUT

I should wait to move until all obstacles are visible – then is the time to act, the layer acting, and to segment it, overlapping -...

The project is a smooth rendering of adjoined things, being grasped and squeezed -...

For the tubes are filled, with tubing sounds, a mist rises from one of the open ends and the vapors mix with our breathing, and a cough exhalation - ...

Wait they do for not to be taken advantage of ...

They, the darkened posts with tangled wire for their hair, rip up their root of cement, and stumble forward until they topple, striking hard against the rubber wall...

The effect is an annoying one, of bug bites and corrosive gel sticking to the skin...

The falling over flat and the pinnacle rise on a single focus as a needle- the brain is whittled smooth excepting a single strip like a Mohawk down the middle rippled in ripples-the narrowing enlarges intellect while it dispenses with conventional intelligence-; the steps of intellectual growth often involves reasoning skills, accompanied by example of artistry and conceptualism, but, while memory of these examples should survive hypothetically and historically, and as personal place markers, the reasoning exercises-...

Designed to OPEN mind to variation, should be dismissed flushed away as after-use -,,, then begin to inhabit – they have helped to enhance second natures, now the job is done,-and despite the flush, must retained, some essential portion of being that has internal law/ principle/ physic, - distinct, independent, even when contrary, to outer law and governance of sensibility –only through this, proclaim=; +=;- ming – can there be an application of art

and any union of beings through it -...

I am stew meat, I am rare steak, the blood the anemic craves – I am – the diamond dissolved in water- I am, a pure creature, with no extras, and nothing wasted- I am the patient thing - ...I am the anxiety dissolved in a hallucinogenic gel applied to the skin on rashes – I am singing without song or pitch -... I am the revolutionary art INVISIBLE in the ITEM shop -...

I am the revolutionary who does and makes a simple and non specific work with no reference set, only revolution in conception of perception and revolutionary in the newness of terms -....or, the one ness of terms – or, singular -....struggle -... of one voice -....

The membrane over the ring of bones is arrested near the start of its stretching action, so it does it twice and three times, starting again advanced a little further each time...

The action produces fibrous stumps, some topped with sensors – so no one knows if it is an object or a process -... of the drifting and starvation mad mind, these is one whistling sound it responds to, like a key turning, it is the thing that makes it move, that causes it to rip from its stem and float into a dark sea, lapping waves that look like oil ...quiet, small sounds, thick, harsh sounds like tree trunks, narrow, worm-like sounds, sounds of sounds -...

Staples bend and parts burst forth in an aurora rupture, like a bag of noodles under high pressure- ...it smells like a farmhand wearing shit warrant clothes -...

This is like the first nude colonists, no one has ever seen it before, flop flop-...

Fish on a hook-...euphoric – a large pan clanging, local traditional street drama on a hot night even it rains - ... (like labor on a wharf) of my apish and lumping sounds, extreme hours, extreme in the weather, extreme host hours, extreme sleep and emotional swings, to be subject and to be another, at the hands of a manic's downswing, explosion, -... having given out of false and meaningless labor-... slowly a board warps, we spray it with water and weight it, either end, we cultivate it as if a child lives in it, - it warps, we have carved its life, we have influenced to the degree it has fewer choices - ...I am happy but I am one person when I am, it is not complete a state, it is ruin of a balance - ... enjoying, radiant colors, radiant misting and all the red doors -...radiant heat and hard rain, -... hard grains petrified stone cut into soft matters -...in an image faced in blocks, compiled as flattened in dimension so to contain the more, in a stack,, compile then flashing through, to stop soft, on one then two, then all evenly, soft stops, lingering in the series -...sticks snapping, metal tips tapping together in conversation... forgive this ten years ago, I heard triplets, - even then stressing one and three, slightly longer, - the middle always the same, but shifted around it -... when uneven is even, -... a year is a bloom – divided by three, then emphasized - ...

Swirling motions from right to left spin out a roll of paper very long - ...there is drinking from an iron, copper and plastic cup... they are placed empty on a pink granite pedestal covered in abundance of black mica flakes -...they are practicing teething on body fat... the soil is boiling, two nights when it should have been cold, it was hot, and down below, the cooker melted up above and earthworms steamed and wiggled madly away as quickly as they could, and many drowned in pools they tried to flee to... this is the general form of a drama told in sound and grinding...there are studies and plans, maps legends and pleadings that accompany the story, backstory, history which allows a perceiver to experience the drama as a larger and encompassing body, to be submerged into and given something to absorb into a self, and then to understand the making of the thing, and moving beyond to grow it more, and add another life and pass it on again... muffled voices, only emotion is heard after that, mental state, agitation, not words, like through a pillow -... a soundtrack

for some other activity.... People sleeping, waking for watering... overending, a holding tank I know by name, and old television melodrama contains the name of the cell, embedded in its own name –if you look through past mind to this station, you will find the secret word that releases that latch, allowing your entry, and the beginning of the slowly growing cycle, with daily additions, and a slower melt of color – I listen to the usual classical forms, they bring tears, reminding me of when she and I were together – now waiting two weeks now, and a wedding so borders and governments can't cut us apart like before or any more- These are cubicle, and I should block up another, two rivulets pushing its tiny current together against and into two oceans – two foreigners foreign from each other – two rivulets across a white paper page and across an empty floor which won't be used for anything else until the next day, today and tonight, its function is broad and undefined - So with the sound image, a classical construction in style, there is an association of aspects sensory, habitual, familiar, and, a mutual experience construction of two, now divided, so, there is a division in the rememory ... of the one who writes -...I should add to this, the single equation, in response to the classical style, a natural irreducible event irredundant and strange, with one energy and one want, to have at acting out its programmed purpose-...underfoot, struggled to wind upward thinking to itself, I am a vine - ... is in a state just generated for the first time, new to earth, a conditional mode, with unique proximities and gaps - ...between its points of choice and markers of relation - ...

A set of these, strung together, given various locations on a vertical series of cliffs, wedged slightly apart like pursed lips - ... comprise a gamut - ... it is a source for many forms of imaginative interpretation of matter - ...forums for abstract thought... - I plan each time, to corner something, and to challenge it, endless, each time taking on a different face – of its million faces ... I am the last fish in the frog pond - ...

I am, new or undiscovered rudiments - ...

There is a current pushing, there is an object, caught in the stream, there is the rescue mission that seeks to hold it and possess it -... transforming, colored light beats the rods... The passing across a current requires a special 2 powered force, one to go against direction on the current and the other to cut across it - ...

Secret instructions... examination closely through rays... divinity closed doors divinity clear closed mystery demanding faith beyond the door...

Faith the door apart like a secret ray seeing through it -...the woods and tree become holy, it is what she saw in a dream, but no explanation, but that the tree(s) tried to speak but where silence, maybe by the war of human wakefulness... old house, barns, confidence, language, intellect, art compulsion directed from aside, I am sorry for the door but know it is necessary – to keep us from ease, to block us from the poison world -... there are countable elements, 1these limited quantities of knowns, flush by in water one are a time in a series like washes I am very seen or felt -... I am very much, and enough is never enough in the poison world beyond the canvas and the staging to hold the weight of the act...

This expresses in prayers and dialogues then paraphrasings many long with interruptions of the short and sharp... short traps, long deep pits at night, two nights, many nights alone with the face that burns my soul as hot as copper wire melting... far drinks far waters element waters drink of drinking deep water, five miles six weeks descending inside a circle wall -... real or not, painted or smoothed and colored with dirt and spit... idiot doctoration – I am burning in this hardened dot so dense it is cold as cobalt... feeling the ground down portion, I am waiting away, it is twelve dot minus seven into a narrowed

room expressed as the subtraction and appearing only there and then... it is bad when there is so much waiting, god blends truth with the water from beyond the door...the wet air feels the baby story in the soul - ...dememtable soul shaded mist... wild brain stem illness... healed when rubbing hands against the door... susceptible to me, susceptible to you and between us soaking illusion... reflective eyes, ten on a head,... uneven numbers waiting, mantric doors, repeating siding and molding pieces being counted, countable to flying, it is raining, please be peace, no tongues of talking – unknown to language, the scream, to see her happy is a smile and moving so celebratory accomplish this in activity of numbered countables in infinite set within finite dimension -... happy to see the move, it and a beautiful smile, it crushes me with the weight of life, you who rescue this actor on the land... she is felt of God, where is she now in the sleeping, where is she in my sleeping when we meet in our middle crossover time... overwhelming over horrible true felt burning – reflect you, home away – away away away to here now to hear time too much for shame to loss of teeth it rains you rain, but then you are smiling and I am so happy to see you, my near to me wife... time to time, it is time to time – it is never late twice I wish, I am in love and it is final, there is faith and belief and prayer -... and I have been

As the actor and as the one contained here in truth now

I have been expecting a final thing since the start

It is a long time away and now here

Turned down twice

Turned up once

Turned over

Sleeping

While

Now.

It.

Pouring rain

Depart

Come to me

Saintress

Mylove

One.

It is ready, it is night, it is dressed in red it is darker in the day

Destiny truth daylight

Contact

Beauty

Subjective absolute-.

Eleven things are overcome.

Believing in truth while unsocialized by imposed self isolation in a house like a mansion cave, ignoring to eat and the natural love for food, to skinny mix and not love food but to worship that skinny mix of illness...there is an itch that is always, it is magic to remind, suspended in a small metal case for pockets, that is taken and examined -...empty walls, shadows and fading where art was hung-ing, digesting to a drum, in-a warehouse –kept living and here is the wind -... I am and should continue to be that happy one I saw in your face -...

Hold holding outside to the cool colors what, the what place it went to -... this how waking

is part of the start and transition to the center -... where the target of the task -... and why this why that...-

Tools for tasks with intellectual stoppers ...-

Tombs, food -...

Tonight to test it here, to connection, light bill low – money to spare -... an orchestra of air driven rattling -...

To compose, this book loosened of its skin and shaved loose -...stretched them folded at the corners... preached from the edge, the metal protective shell over tissue -... oceanic blunder -... fruit, refrigerated, 40 degrees -...it is in an absolute time -...

Collect -...in a jacket of oil and night sweats, is a screen to catch the change of day -... like the test I felt in trying to form it, from old wood and, nails and some wheels, rope and pulley – and when I took it into the street, and we filled it with ourselves, the others who followed, but, there is reason, and now it chips down to until now it is -... product of energy, in a medium this helps to move, display, mold - ... write the signs, square off, sign an extended stage and follow twice with a shot of hot air -... there is natural separations between activities, to do with nature of equilibrium ... fluctuation in activity pressure in the air ... I live with love of you to never say goodbye -... we are ready for the maximum invention between us -...

Eyes turning preselected directions are possibilities - there is a genera sink unit allowed for application of a time box – it conditions us to let our great fractions rise, to occur now and later times to work a set of hours so we may gain the string or wire of genera correction, a rotation of casual but focused invention - ... please wait in the strong melted glass tube -... in the heavy end with the metal cap -... the activated power one who what will work through a night for hours and for that correction -... is a placeholder to be fit into -... And who what through this as a corrective exercise before the trial run before the one chance, risks correcting on an extended(ing) scale – beyond food and fuel supply, and grains of satisfaction, rationed -...

It is there a twelve dissolve stomach followed by a serial liver, and kidney – lumped, -...i progress, I strange fertile and grazing the fuel supply, like seed planted and grain stone imagined in the blind sleep - ...

Collected, the values of these, in a sack with grading graded on a scrap of paper -... degrading -...

The actions in a pile like this -...

In error of reason growing in a slow intelligent spreading -...

Forms in a moving of all the beauty I know -...

Forms of this project, calmed and corrected, assistance priming generation in the makeshift lab -... the environment as fixed, to places belongs -, -...

Plans of convention, I am worried down, wash the ship, the corner, the floor, a beetle shell, tradition in with drawl from love in insectine nature, first on the planet - ... striking a metallic mask, a cry of shame rises as a light odor as of a freshly broken branch -... from this in assorted uses of a human time is a reading of suggestion and influence -,...

Reverse walking as practiced - ...

By reverse walkers – all things, exercise their skill and inclinations -...hands raised in a washing machine agitator motion and revolving in a response to pulse and difference beat, unexpected frequencies happening with natural and man made materials in contrast, set in motion by earth and larger engine than house generators, -...I follow outside and try to

reverse my steps to come around so to review a previous use of this room(s) -...

Quickly pass over horror and into lured bliss -...consider any of the utterances of a scrap and magnify as category -... to shrink and to reverse to growing - into category and to the ordered -... reversals alter the subject and way, reversals gain or lose, depending on which is first, a third element of their direction, which shifts them to new directions previously unposed, (reverse propositioning) and not exact reversals or opposites - dimensionally shifted - into third aspect, between category and content, and tacked as this third aspect onto each - ...the sun will rise when someone calls, when fear buries in the cellar, when I use a key to find a secret board to prop across the door -... it is relaxed while sleeping, to find in creating order a quality of joy of eating -... it is not reason keeping, better to not, the shift to planning ahead - and keeping to wait - strengths described and in rows, and lines blank I am waiting for like reasoning - to disperse -...

It is, a process of wave, side to side, against a long grain -... impression is a ruler in these attempts -... no long study, but long length infusion from the living forming right life so leading me to know -...

So is there and there is a God and a process with a direction -...

Leading to know, leading to completion and so slow grow -...

Unpredictable lengths convince us, we form in rolls of events and energy leaking - slow to grow now, best of put out, but too, in burst then rest to swell and build and roll again the more -...

A wave of leaning, a wave following it, of rest or sleep and slower unraveling thread - that one the participator should be one to tug and wind back onto something, maybe, just. A hand - at the end of one arm, or three the magic roll on number, being following by two the one and leading to a balanced -... it - is- a- magic - time o- numbers ... and then, just as something ran across my bare legs -... and then I am in wonder, I am waiting, how then can I know an over all -...gone into a cloud at night -...of insect-like specific things - which cannot be confused with anything else - that have only one value - that are printed on beneath the skin with a marker -...away into a dark spin goes the lock - goes the light lock too - into a lock spin ... wind resisting also cuts the wind... where is the core allowing breathing through, allowing cell change and replacement, letting limbs that move us move us, and our situation interact where where and what is it too, the core, - ... to house our work... it has to be a suction ... in part of its nature, a blower in another nature -... organs make a ringing tone, some sounds I know to recognize - ... and a screen wrapping into a curve displays a story of all the necessary things for any circumstances - a revolving door on rusted pins - and let in after pulled out -... there in a passing years through a short stems through a whistles blocking windows barring exit with a sign of held in place -... through an endhole of means for making liquid trust -... having holdings in a well -... and backing signals, and backup plans -...to substance draining twice - and when, in that can trends turn that are whole or part -... I am, knowing for investigation, ... happened in the opening, ... oil pours over, the rim is moistened, ... shell flushing across an opening in a soft tissue -... in this comes, a feel for time I think on waiting but disclosed, I am in workings plannings staging package in supplies for use - a thing I couldn't see, but, with a steel paneled floor I dreamed the perfect thing which was a steel floored song, and it was made, replenished each time as Rudiments of Instrumentism -... where I am sleeping hard I am ready to awake and find I am home again - ... this is a condition which may be allowed to finding where that home is, the feeling and the driving force to go --



The full wave of discipline – deposed controllers sit harmless in chairs – on the island where they want to live - ... only other controllers blending there – they the same in color and tone, - ... comfort of sameness -... selfishness of the same -...

Floated filling, only sensations of remembering what I heard said, and compiling the sounds – recalling of one core image, returning to the present looking forward directing so nothing is ever lost and movement is constant – how what is retained is finished, how what is made certain of is determined, are what balance a water scale –align portions from multiple individuals so that they work as aspects to a single total thing -... this furthers for the opener the twisting in the form that wrings the juice from which the opener can drink, of concentration what will follow for the others in the natural unfolding of the flower.

Conjuncts of sleeping paths spread waking like wet tissue – insects still aloud in heavy rain -... flight and clicking on hard surfaces between water drops -... damp caves emerge from the undergrowth in a sod hillside – ... crumbling moss, dust with water, mica specks, glass telephone insulators melting into long drool - ... countryside dump, deep in woods buried -, digging for antique layer value ... the path is almost gone, swept by weathers -... there then is only possible estimated reversals, or, approximated reverse paths ...-...

So, at higher risk, specific matters may be explored and paths developed with specific and terminological information, while a more conservative path leads to abstraction and general terms, lacking specifications and an algebraic use of image and creative motifs ... this too, making value of the cliché as a solution ... two lists make two thousand things -... there is a jacket that grows from the edge of a spine, it unfolds as if some fresh wet wings come from the envelop, and spread, and cover up the long and tired string -... and after that, a wide spread protection, the umbrella -... pulled, flying apart -... it is the hope disguised as a promise, - ... something sleeps inside each person -... to pull them through the frame, lasting one hour -... the mind clicks in silence (mute) it is unclear or cluttered -... should labor it to rest it -...until hours come -... save to be - ...parse parsing one direction then the other to find the end point, the blocking stone -... we should all stay -... what does alone mean -...

When another is beside the standing -... a story was amplified -... scoops or gouges -... and when light came to me I was watered, but the turning backward takes reverse and forward back, comes to a different place through each time full reverse course forwards – the stillness of the village and I remember the rooster in the morning -... where to everyone -... Shaking of skin that is loose, it caresses me – it is mine but how it is it moves for her, I can hear the rooster calling, it is hot morning, factory smokestacks, the roof -... who knows each other -... cut paths this forward reversal, and the individual is changed as well -... young dialogues merge in blessed incantation, followed by the personal prayer, and I am far but our dialogues still are merging in the air -... there are sounds of labor, labor as earning for a concentration of effort and task through the exchange gain (illusory, futile use of labor, useless task, but useful exchange) – as an algebra, but, not of values, of place holding -... testing and trusting, the eyes are working well, -... there is trust of the testing, and of an invisible indescribable – that is, the end object or, selection of later is of a small set of activity with a different tool than we are used to, which is an act out of time but not out of sequence - ... confidence should emerge from the outrolling of a layered ball, unwinding and revealing -... we have an abundant burning, select number, to wait for returns, no time is long enough when all it emerges -... it is symbols written into a short spell, in a series as the contour of the short story, as composed by our / any culture's early writers of their

fictions – of this length, also made peculiar by the complexity of the host language, and the space or unit of time it consumes in rendering -... the outcome -... a beast is held in brackets, but the beast is only in description, words to describe in approximation of the matter -... await perfect of angle of the light, only to illuminate associated with the cycles of light emitted from the illuminating object, -... I am associated with the creating plan, from a small block with a place on a wire grid, but made of twigs, to look like forged metal seen in some past life -... wire lines smooth ... red interior smooth funnel -... smooth twigs, driftwood, stones -... bright flashes of this deepest hope, faith, everything in a highest perfected skins – the latch has gotten stuck in the highest state – and, there is an absolute condition -... I am in that condition, ... churching... I am a speaking ghost - ... an explosion of the grace ... who am inclined to lead myself away from the game, and sustain the punishment comes from men, -... I feel the fate, as if a cleaning, -... beautiful thingness -... blurry smell -...ateness, feeling of fullness, =...alive ...alive -... blurring for happinesses -... I -... dark corner of a richer color -... a shot photo to picture the mind in its blending waters -... in its fluid pump that makes a pattern of some days and I am wondering in every word I know that comes out of my mouth -...and I am the one of drift and salutary bone case -... passing, before, strands are from a web -... I may never see the snow, but on the mountain top -... too nothing, too -...insect, strand of web, caught -... dangle shell -... study the peel apart desire -... a story of them, activators, taking recipients aside, - not there but now in their place -... something saved, moved into the invisible -... human toxins twining into one – the way you see the twist of tread into a string – or wire into cable – so, fatalities hold each other in lover's embrace -...this is an important parsing, words combining to move the pathways of the spirit through the use span of the invention box -... light vacuums, dark suctions, low density mists in a swirl reverse wind – these are constructive modifications that arrive in parts, and, in separate units, sometimes free, sometimes, committed or preattached – to wait, for harvest time – the parts -... again, the components of the right to compose -... rolling, form a ill, allow a background force, such that want a rolling of a thing minus stopping angles, to a low point, so, high and low has a power value, put the angles of the object pulled down, so the path is altered by the force, the degree to which it is gradual or steep, and the shape of object descending, its rounds, its angles, its sharp -... forming this, a path a book to follow, a score, this is important to put the thought into a singular and personal history - ... it is how to grow, to last, by individual discovery of these discrete, single thought histories -... the outsider comes in -... I move across a wall, the floor passes quickly like a caffeine dream – planes alive in private lives, tops sides and bottoms – and, time to see, a block that situates direction -... there is stumbling against force, there is inertia and degrees of resisting strength, the dilution of energies and injection into each as the composer of things -... what? Dissolved right there – does ones sees or disturbs these musics!?? Confusion of

Expressions, so forth...

Staples are,... figure this struggle out - ...is anding, figure this again please (ching) this is a stumbled over path, but it is serious and may as well have been planned by a supervisor - etc is this reason? Etc.....

It is important you can see something – it is important, you can see this dissolving -,.... What happens, six virgins dream this questions...

A shirt, a tie, what is worn, what is human, what is from God first -... trust the stiff and

personal stone, trust – the massage of the skin that busts it for the first time in the foreign country and struggles to seduce the desire and the solidity of the love tried to destroy - ...what what what -... I struggle like a fire with foreignness – lips, pregnancy, legal, love, give me, God is not in man's simple plans -... to describe race if it means anything – you should all fall in love -.... that is answering this false problem - ...distended to pour out – what happens after that? Pumps out love, twice, ... twice what happened – else, three times -... what happens and when, devil spills, trust me - ... what what what - ... what time wears hard ...- ...

I have loved you always but I have lovely you always but love you pump out most now, right now, --- what WHAT WHAT pinched clay one piece two pieces, two pinches one pound then, two pounds, pinched clay like skulls hardened happily ... and then what happens with the test when there is no contrast,, - ... too much for judgment is value U and some pervert relativity -... ..

Happened strangely, no two things are the same, sold given put aside -... soft forms catch the momentary drive so PINCH clay, catch something now, determine the reading when it is an artifact ...

The holes arrange to drain one field by gravitation or another overforce, and up of this, the lower level down is drained to wants it wants an irrigation and a pattern of the hole in numbers one, and after one, in sets of odd and even and in lines and lines and in clusters and in distributions and amplified, and miniaturized, and symmetrical and balanced and not, to irrigate too much and in another place it's not enough, and in another evenly and over time, and in another, in bursts -... this will also give you scale -...

As like, the energies of live art in making, but, the energy of the abstract, the thought of the generation and the plan and then to stifle the live act, to cancel, to never make, but lead up to it, stopping. Can there be, it is good to question, performance shy of performing, short of the making, the soft stage wet in the brain, but never posed to make, gone close but canceled, questioning the value when compared to what must be done with time to survival of the artist in the artless landscape - ... in the landscape of powerless art - ... a place, no spirit of art, an unattended event, a withdrawn event, the removal and withdrawal of art then from the matter live world, retreat of live art to inner imaginary performing, to imaginary live circumstance and live perception, but, then, as speculation, as a fiction, as a remote and outside (inside) art ... now if ten gods did this, and the imagining they made became the world stories, or the speculations of universe populated on planets, -... there is a funnel, from the senses that is pointed inside, and it drains into a cement floored pit at the long end of descent - ... here is where performance conceived, performance composed, but not performed – like in a stomach – where it rests - ... sickness, - of the large objects that have devolved to become without souls or spirit -... or imagination, or requirement of the dream – the cultivation of dreaming, -... a single line has more toward one end a cluster of rising curves parallel to each other, they are remote and lead away, but it is an unnoticed manifestation, so they curve away in parallel silently, so they emit no sound or hum. Speculation, raised fingers, drama, dramatic signal - ...nonperformed performance is imploding to that place, from that pit, it shimmies as if a mirage and then it starts to take on color and texture of that cement stomach until it is gone, and a point like a small mole remains -... the passage closes, or, the funnel is packed by nonart activities that force the mundane onto high life -... it is sealed, that mole, yet it remains, a blemish – to be forgotten, perhaps, in time, it will be removed by forces significantly ANTI -... the art mole, wanting

that uniformity of conventional skin ... eyes become the same, sockets, all equal in depth, purpose ceases - ... sprinkled water from fingers, small rituals try to remind but it is gone until there is another generation after -... solids push up a tube -... burials of essence and motivation, and unique forms, as if corpses -... there is iceberg effect – in incomplete or unperformed – the conception may be to any scale or degree – a performance may not reveal the depth of the imagined effect or purpose, if performed in fact -...

When the dry up wipes us clean, who is but the last one, the one it is, takes the path – and dry up blows away, and wetted weighted down fills like a sponge for one, and fills up like a sack, for two, and twelve remaining slip from front to back of each other as would a pound of earthworms at a bait shack -... the applied energy to and of the numbered lines, in proportions both vertical and horizontal, these who together take a ride and perform as if to trade these who, together, brace each other to support a growing mass, and then as if a stage of fetal growth, they break into a multitude of parts and cells, and spread to best facilitate a field of generation over time – and place a cord between them all, to better talk and know the course that's best to follow as a family of things to give each other lasting purpose elastic stretching to the yet unknown and later to be from them but to change, in what comes from the known, but holds the mystery and key of making chaos in a vision of the circle of change, by things that are the same -... I see rememory ahead, predestined sounds, and roads that were in making long ago by accident or by an arrant nature, and, some others led by previous intension, moving earth with no road in view, but road is what it becomes, - there such a swirl, together of these many roads, together in one way while leading in another place, to many places –and replacement, -...when YOU forget, and (it) leaves a gap, and something comes to fill it in -... is it not true? -... but, it is a memory now, composed, -... composition in memory -... the dry study, the drift of mind without requirement, the dependence on upper position contrasted with one's own, the believing, the trust in desire and the hope that higher, makes and raises the floor reveals an under space sufficient, ... the top part that is one's own also, ---... the powerful and the frail (but not the weak) the control... are as veins in a swirl... sentence sentence... and science fact religion, study group lining the inside of hollow vegetables -... positive and good -... commitments with no reward, commitments with in contrast with exponential reward -..., in complex collage, with, - line rough stone shelving... the clean line has a basement of the rough... the porous I orderly, calm slow approach to the object... a study cage, inhibiting departure,... a porous I ... that is beside the transitory hub... which is a variation,... the I is a transition point, locations possible by a modifying nature of this hub, and how incoming objects (broadly defined) are shifted at a rudimentary level... and, an object is a moving from side to side to move forward ... the moving is the object ... having takes many partners -... irritation may be an irritation of many parts -...pins and poles, rods and posts – these are similar -... and, the thing that goes through the dramatic series into the transitional tube -... is the search for the meeting, then the meeting, then the one who is met -... which began without the knowing of the meeting, but the dramatic motivation for the search -... then to a sign for the middle, and a sign for the entrance and exit -... to learn, like a child, beginning things -... and, the isolation of the womb -... but, the womb that is the unfamiliar world -... the blend as in a swirl of things passing by the stationary eye at speed -... and, border edges, keeping apart, but keeping – purer -... I am as the passing, and, as the snow, a freezing that drops and settles that level that has stopped and represents the greatest of compiled and concentrated gravity at the surface level, and, held up from the harder and

the softer in alternating layers from below -... I am that thrives and sweats and after rest,

lives on the stone, and eats it with a water up from the gland -... these days are determined measures, as is the nature of the character as characteristic, but, parsed into a many vessel, and then, given ruling over separated parts, and times, like days, and actions, like, what I determined in a space to do, and further parse and call is art -... I, my way is had, I my way, at first as hard was that but for along, but then, was calcified, or fossilized to reinforce, and now, is rent and plastered onto surfaces of the substance as our medium -...

#### SPECIAL AND PARSING

Realized by a long and persistent dreaming -... I am dreaming yet -... the linking of the chapters into a 2 logs from the tree, while one is rotted and dark, the other even cut can sprout new growing -... and, another log, on the fire here -... lakehouse -... as if, a memory branching from that fireplace -... a horizontal line takes up the larger part, but length is back and forth in size, - unto it before goes a shorter line and vertical and then another and another with a line with some variety, from example to example, and the steps before tell us we go unto the longer horizontal, and we stay - but, if the steps descend from the end of horizontal line, and not ascend or not before, then we were always there to start, but leave, -... if this is how a spirit is, or, how some sample is taken from an action in a time, then -... when rendered in air, a bag, a stick, and suction of wind made by moving, it is placed as posts into a water rising to the feet of the pedestrians waiting for the walk, held up, not to wade in water, but, be, raised up -... what all can be removed from its wireframe and then, made in portions or position, like, its upside down, or on its side, to show it not to purpose, and all removed from what it seems to be, and now what else it is, an abstract abstracted and a useless thing for former cause -... and, it is, like sentences I write, composed to roll and fall and falling always forward sometimes piled, and piling on itself in moving on or down -...and this, it is a form, and this, it is one way, and how a thing in time advances in an act and actions too -... continuous suggestion, to description to describe like as I said the parsing is, to narrow and expand at once, but in two places, one goes thin, the other, fat -... we should send such things in number confusion, as if rations, let us say, as nine to one, but ratio of what is never given, this is what is hunted on, and this is what is incomplete when some proportion of a thing determines it is done -... perhaps a legend is on the side of an invisible map, but just the legend may be seen, and that, only at a certain angle, only when a certain feeling is present -... and this legend suggests in something concerning scale, and symbol form or shorted code, what might be represented in or on the map -... and through this we must constitute the map in whole, imaginary filling what invisible thing might be, and when completed, we may use subtraction from invisible to visible constituted map, and difference is the ratio, and not when matching the imagined ratio of one to nine, or nine to one, then we may constitute again, and over and over until the ratio is met, and then, when finished, we have made a cycle form, a round or evolution of a form, and this is forced in composition, on its path from stage to stage and the detail of this act remaining on it path, this is what will make the score, and archival history of the thing and things that we have done with this, and this will be the score of the composed frame, to repeat again, to study on, and to learn on, and, move forward on to the next, and then, to best forget, so we can move beyond. Always is forgetting important. Also is are our inversions of any many kinds. When had, a thing remains, but even in its absence once is had and gone, remains as vapors of a ghost -... product of stomach and decomposing seaweed, matched by bladder and wet

leaf coupled -... west to east for drying, south to north for lubricating -... general movement of some soft tissue -... the plural thing, irregular put regular, language aspect is a hole, and passing through it into unique circumstance, moves on to experimentation into unknown, from a start in the irregularity in the small places -... remembering resolves itself to rememory -... how has this been?, a guidance is requested, but it comes to address of higher or upper being, so to God, guide me God, and this also takes form as conduit or pattern of tube, with perforations, breathing holes, junctions with other, openings and endings -... so each has a shift into the abstract situation, and reformation of pieces gluing up a series on a string of wholes -... pruning to a core -... dirt, a place, a pit, a hole surrounded -... a being pines and strays but still it is as if of composed by a daily dirt, a few of things, as dirt and water with a wind of fire, and sticks, and weathered bones, and sea salt -... of all one language speaks of living while the other has no words, or food -... God prays with us, we are helped in practice, counted as occurrence daily, as of waking, as of sex and sleeping, eating -, the thought as it is spinning, the useless thought, the pure, without the body -... we are picking we compelled to do, a scab, are pushing at a creaking tree, are sounding after through a paper roll -... are that and they too -... it is not a song, but a long listing of song, of imagined song -... somewhere else is the place, the thing and time are as imagined while named, to be, it is compulsion to be made, from as imagined, in a world that has contained the thing, and such utopian the outer being in the outer world as seen compelled by naming, what to be -... should make, will make -... it has all been hard -... thankfully, so -... to make, there is no other way -... to make, resists, the still ... as guidance to instruction set, to materialization -... of the fact -... as I am guided, to a few things in a row -... so I instruct you, see in front your eyes, the things in rows -... I am composing with the idea of composing -... slips of paper and of throat sounds become understood -... it is slow and deliberate -... improvisation is not improvised -... all sounds are made of rubber -... wide fissures, ducks flavor their meat and eggs -... wide world stuck with choice -... she hollows carrots and stuffs them with ground pork -... when let loose, the crazy room, nine numbers, fruit smells on the skin, and copper -... my eyes inside the head inside the body of a worm slit open out before the broad sea, in a series of collected points in rows with no end possible to count -... is the factor that controls a reading in the frame of spoken word and prose poems -... light and swelling dwindle then mingle, then rise and cook hot, engulfing - mingle again, - ...outcast substance, labor required me, I went, a page advanced, an action set was written for repetition later -... it becomes transmuted -... into a bigger themed work than work -... assorted objects cook in thematic heat together, air flows in a path, particles move and relocate -... add times words, minus plus facts, equals divided fictions -... wait, with nothing prepared, but try to catch the plan -... and look for the unraveled thread -... and, I look for money twice -... and, I should earn to be owned -... these are themes no matter how fewly stated add or minus to twelve in number -... I hold onto a railing so not to fall over into a vapor cloud -... through the hair, there is a rip in the tissue on top - through the air above the tissue, there is a moisture filtered through layers of elements, catching organisms in vertical rows - there is a path to the horizontal side for each, and an edge of every layer, over which as a cliff each organism is allowed to hop And join the dirt space, where everything else but the elementally filtered organism mixes and intersperses in a stew - there is a further rim to the path in all direction, but nothing moves toward it on its own power, but is forced by other objects directions actions and time - there is a plan it is a part of, but the organism may not see this, or reflect on its own evolution and progress until it

has been forced to beyond the last edge -... in such locations photos imprints of feet, supplies used up and objects broken in accident emerge as documents, and things to follow, and act on, and read as fictions would be read, for meaningful theme, but example, as creative node -... I wait the documents of personal stories that are dislocated, pieces placed and dropped in other streams, still active far away from the source and from perception of the source -... ordering necessities, eliminating possibility chaos and variation for solidity of unchanging, fossilization rigidity and organism of stone-like matter -... this is how, systems, borders, law, government, military – she and I are independent, we are ruled by a one God, who we have prayed to, so to be strong in struggle to be together across national borders and expired visas – and, denials – we marry by trickery in the US, we will marry in every country we will travel to or try, we will document rigidity and that power is to separate and little more, we will marry often and everywhere as an art piece SERIES that may have spinning off effects, documents, stories, further adventures and difficulties from of love project – in all or any media, liberal as the LACK of border in our philosophy, that which we refuse to recognize, because we love each other and wish very simply to be together -... arbitrary is law and government and meddling individuals -... turn trouble into something beautiful, positive, nice, a couple marries everywhere in series, so they are recognized everywhere they marry -... they marry we marry in places of personal memory, with friends, old and new -... to me not political, but a reduced, simple, organic threading into the system abstract, or order without love or feeling, with a thread of simple, direct love and desire, between my WIFE and myself, (her HUSBAND) -... and a pure relationship which is higher than the group, and far more powerful, and which can outlast ruling and government power -... on the liquid staging, when things move and run into each other, it is a melding of colors – hybrids coming out of (us) in our personal program, that is a legal document, that is a notation system, and wire frame and number set in letters in signs of objects through a slow change into pictograms and then a letter system of a narrow line that may be made with reeds or sticks or wrinkles from the face -...everything in an order the self is setting may be made from one and once expanded, blended back like pastel colors on a wall -... am that, is the bull that sees the triangle, like I look at her -... these are partitions in a big big room -... I am the stunted, forward the plastic and the action revived from atoms with heat -...I am that continues to wake every day, not always refreshed or new, but starting again from a point -... I am the binary long into years -... I am what remains, after transformations -... I am boiled down water and stiffness,... I am always swimming in my body water and dreaming I am absent, or my loved one -... wet boards, empty well of pink dust, boards, fire, dry water, boards, empty dust wells, pink powder in every square corner, mist, blue, corn balls with black opal spots -... embedded pigment pockets, sponge stone -... boards, -... freedom to be hard and not distressed -... distant times – distant objects on a glass field -... Min-Chi says she thinks life is shorter than death-... I am the if- you-have-the-stomach-for-it, the bland and repetitive, mundane and ordinary-... I am the cleaning supply of faith -... I am the development of a set unchanging motif which goes through first initial frequent changes, that gradually narrows to a few variations and then becomes cemented in a fixed and permanent image -... I am that, that the appetite expects -... I am the still ocean that moves too slow to see in a moment but which makes objects seem to shift and move, per the tide -...

I am a behavior which seems set but goes through jumps and unpredictable processes, but, only infrequently -...

I am the observation of the person who thinks they can make branches and leaves sway in the breeze, with the power of the mind, and with a gentle passing of a hand -...

I am the crazy recluse -...

I am that, that is on the water, in a fog at night in a dory – I row my wife around in circles and close to the shore so her mind can wander – there is no horizon line – only a smooth blend from the water to the air -...

I am the contours of the story that is hard had, and that fact in outlook, but fiction in particular -...

I am that can not blend but mixes, I am the blended which can not mix -, I have two particular natures-... they alternate like a relay switch -...

I am the bird with the speedy heart, always looking for food, I am the shark with no motion in the gills- I should swim always -...

Likewise, I am without reflection outside but all a hall of mirrors in my interior so what is to be reflected I am that is busy with questions away from answering -...

I am today as I acted tomorrow, but yesterday, everything was changed -...

I am the stumbler over the edge who is cushioned by the back of a fatty beast -...

I am the flat surface which is as a crosscut and from matter to matter, much the same, but for its sheen and its density, but, the angle – is as if it has been cut for garments, the pool, the stone, the water's edge, the meeting of sky and land, or sky and water, of land approaching a tree line -...

I am some one of many descriptions of a kind of movement required for a task, as part of a set of instructions for use of a manufactured object -...

I am the projection of some thought idea directly in a mold making which presses matter into fabrication -...

I am the tan funnel that oozes mist -...

I am the sudden clusters of crows in the treetops -...

I am a personification of nightfall, and the emerging of insects after the rain -...

I am the talking animal from a child's nightmare -...

I am the thing that wades into shallow water to collect a colorful piece of weathered glass -  
... I am the broken lobster trap being used for a table on a porch -...

I am the bark of a tree grown around a lightning strike -...

I am many saved items, in drawer, in baskets, and in storage sheds -...

I am the jar, and the tin box -...

I am the remorse filled, and the emptied of impulse -...

I am from waste that blossomed and is renowned now for beauty and fragrance -...

I am correcting sharp mounds by rubbing them with an abrasive paper, and rounding their points -...

I am subjecting vocal cords to sand and helium, and stroking rough legs of crickets to mild chemical solvents and oven cleaner -...

I am, and I am the doing, not the being -...

I am making a rumbling sound when I move my legs, like they are made out of old logs -...

I am moving all of myself, to travel -...

I am loud once then adjusting, I squeak, then holler -...

I am breathing twice and three times then I group my counting of my breath in different



sets as I continue to breathe -...

I am a noisy rubber gasket with too much lubrication -...

I am shaping a sweater of leaves and sap, that will attach to my skin and help in the incineration of my body when I am cremated -...

I wait for advancement, I expect it -...

I feel, through tea and coffee, a burrowing in my skull, and wonder, will my brain be eaten, and will it retain its color, or drift – and, will it nourish and even provide joy -...

I am retaining all the water I am drinking, and the charcoal from every fire I have started in a stove or hearth -... I am looking at something beautiful, right now -...

I have peace at this very moment -...

I am singing made-up songs mixed with old advertisements -... it is like feeling drunk with power battery -...

I am what makes hands tremble – I am putting a child in her -...

I am a long carved needle made out of balsa wood, and there is no purpose for its existence -...I am pushing so that something is straining through something else in me like a filter -...

I am imagining how a casket can be made from three liquids -...

I am remembering , two lobsters on a cabin floor -...

I am studying the heads of each nail in a box of nails -... I am the sale with trade, the roast and the fry, and contrast of teak wood and tissue paper -... I am the natural husband of my wife -... I am glass plates shifting over each other until one falls – over the edge of another, and then, the many more that follow -...

I am the development of scales for skin and overlapping shells protecting where my body creases who expose a fragile joint -... I am, distress weak covering, and strong frame holding of my shape, so I am recognized -... I am the unfamiliar steel hatch over a stairwell and cement steps into dirty basement and a branch outside that hangs low and drips dew onto the hatch in the morning, there is a circle of rust below the path of the drops -...

I am the translation of an array of seven smells into ten movements of the wrist -... I am the sickening before the health -...

I am the swelling of a list growing over extended time but not acted on, responsive to the growth of need -...

I am the in a saturated solution that remains when evaporation is complete -...

I am as a warm leaf on a cold branch -...

I am as unclean extension of the clean, away from cleansing -...

I am the hole with a row of words that passes below on a paper strip to be read, that is the opening to your learning something new -...

I am the expectation of answers to questions, and a bitter taste coming from a mucus gland but, enjoyed, as one would taste food -...

I am that which can not stop one thing for another who freezes on interruption -...

I am what is slowly taken and not replaced at once -...

I am early in a ceremony, sudden distraction, talking uncontrollably -...

I am lonely on a beach, lonely in a bookstore but, you come and I can concentrate on working -...

I am the mover that has no plan but which is responsive to the moving of its blood -...

I am the stillness of indecision, and the action of the soul within a complacent room -...

I am the sandwiching of experience -...

I am the runoff acids from an overflowing bath -...

I am a chemical agent which hardens another liquid, and which causes others to continuously flow through rainbow colors -...

I am fine hairs that penetrate the skin and loosen the DNA so that a small seed may enter into it along its stem of bases -...

I am a member of a small group of elements that can not mix -...

I am stones buried at different depths in a shoreline mud -...

I am a blade breaking off in a tree, which the tree will grow around, and put inside a secret chamber -...

I am the light that warns a traveler a hole is in the path ahead -...

I am a red roof, above a white ceiling -...

I am that which has 2 arms, and transfers the action from one to the other in a graduation so the object of the action does not know -...

I am the wedding of sweat and brain, of bacon and motor oil, of a willow branch and a white linen tunic -...

I am the meeting and the hub on converging strings of conjunctions, or notched collars mounted in a line on their way to a rotating cylinder -...I am the convergence of many stillness – equally one greatness activity -...

I am that's' bowels become loosened in a bath -...

I am pause, in standing, a break from rest, a painting of white against white -...

I am rising water leaving lines of the wall and flooding the street and the river mouth -...

I am that which takes control and that which in some times, makes an elder cry for no reason, and laugh for another -...

I am the spray like a liquid shaped over a moment as the spread of a fan -...

I am the pounding hard on something just to see it -...

I am the feel of the dream in waking, the standing back from the presentation to the eye and the amazing amazement of the fantastical truth -...

I am living a dream -...

I am some energy in the world -...

I am the port that has been misnamed and misunderstood as a brain and a mind -...

I am the force that directs the movement of the plant, and vegetable decision making -...

I am the glue mister-... I am the feet of the cattle -... I am the basket made of banded metal and threads of lead -... I am the one hoping for a third foot so to balance better and for longer, using all three feet at once, or rotating the third with the use of two -... I am that which is able for a normal life, the kernel of which is held in a storage facility -... I am the dye in a turban, the same n a blanket -... I am the means to swallow -... I am the fat of the neck, the narrow neck and the muscular neck -... I am the stuffing in the turkey, and the stuffing of the teddy bear -... I am the feeling of dizziness -... I am the excess of ego shaved off and packed into a mold, and made into a composite form, and used for building bridges - ... I am the west of threat, the east of appeasement -... I am the south of something, the north of nothing -... I am the difficulty standing after sitting -... I am the container holding the pigment and an attached injector that responds to the tilted or tipped container, which from it releases a second matter, turning the pigment to the many items of desire -... I am the turning of the light to the eye -... I am the large portions of small angled bone mesh that grows over internal organs of various planet various dwellers -... I am the song that turns my thought to a far place every time -...I should see the screen over the square or cube space in front of my head that, if I moved my head the distance of one head, the cube would

be exactly occupied -... and after I see this screen, I should force some product from my head through it to stain as one does some chemical or food, and having done this, I should make some preparation to harden it, and use it for the head of a ritual axe, in some society and its celebration of a past -...

I am growing away from myself -...I am planning forward in a code of one thing representing another -... I am feeling an inward drifting sensation, and a waxiness on the surface of my skin -... and, I sensitivity to light- and, a rose color on my knees and elbows, and a muscle development of my jaw -... and, a combination of sweat and skin oil that acts as a cleanser, such as working in the mechanism in a self-cleaning oven -... I am a rolling picture of beauty, as conventionally conceived, taped to a toilet paper roll and spun rapidly so it shoots out like a New Year celebration -... I am that began but that which coasts for a time, but that which needs to restart for the hillside it must climb -... I am the roam of I idea over a flat scape, and the barb on its underside which catches on a cloth as on a traveler, and follows to some far space by skipping over the flats, which fold when flown above, and unfold on the landing, so much more in space has passed than thought -... I am some fuzziness in both eyes, though one is more pronouncedly fuzzy than the other, and, even to look at from without, it shows, like a fur or winter coating -... I am a line of purposes that stick up straight like quills -... and, it is that, that shoves in deep to skin, and is hard to withdraw, and harder to withstand the pain of -...

I am the paddling and the wind in sails, and then, the engine -, and, I am a progress of energies in advancing tapered shape inside the human interior -... I am a magnetic and radioactive stitching, an ephemeral, ghost coat on a cobweb thin wire -...

I am a believing in a cold producing heat -...

I am a believer in a vacuum made using rubber lips and adhesive suction -...

I am a short tooth in the front of a mouth, sitting beside one that pushes outward like a prong -...

I am the lamppost at the end of the street, and the telephone pole at the beginning -...

I am the seasoning in the sauce, the salt the add, the water you dilute with -...

I am the flock of ducks that ride a wind stream above the lake -...

I am the self statement of obvious ways, of translation and of economic and direct methods of performing -...

I am the action of the elbow and the knee, and the distance between the eyes, made into an equation or simple ratio \_...

I am the charming activity, or the story describing the past in a way that it was not -...

I am the chewing of a food and passing of it chewed from one mouth to another -...

I am what is frozen and chemically solidified from sitting unattended overnight, and from adjustment by invisible mechanics -...

I am the stolen and reclaimed -...

I am a tool ready for use, used alternatively -...

I am walking in dark without any light -...

I am as if washed with soap and then, repeatedly washed without rinsing -...

I am a presentation of walls on wheels, which I arrange all day long behind a locked door -

...

I am the drainage system and the irrigation system, and the shower -...

I am the question that splays in many directions, and the continuous branching of each that covers the future -...

I am the purpose of description for rituals leading to ecstatic states -...  
I am the one or two who trades with singers and cabinet makers for towels made from many different materials -...  
I am in the form of a hat -...  
I am can't see, can't fathom, can see, can absorb -...  
I am stillness, in a crumpled paper taken from a fist, -...  
I am the still but tidal river, moving but not to short term perception -...  
I will take you to the place, I am the means for you -...  
I am the processing and the form, the figure in the ink and the fixture on the wall -...  
I am the narrow stream of choice on the plain of necessity and modified behavior -...  
I am the function of the icon -...  
I am of a collection, unsure -...  
I am the second rising of a spiritual master who has promised to return from death -...  
I am diverse tasks, half imposed upon me from outside, and half self imposed -...  
I am a difficult clutching of tools while wearing a kind of metal mitten -...  
I am wire threading around 40 degrees on the rim of a small hole in a balsa wood block freshly cut from a tree in a park -...  
I am, as if nothing happened before, but everything compressed into a moment -...  
I am the cloak that comforts and hides, that streamlines and misdirects and reveals intensions -...  
I dreamed I am a protective wash -...  
I am, that spinning smoke from a burning paper that is sucked up into a pipe -...  
I am a systematic offering, giving over in a set up, patterns generated from implied rules after a random choice has been made, in first attempts at performing a new function -...  
I am a new applied skill, what makes the tool before the task -...  
I am that which presses down on everything I see as if to press down on a wound -...  
I am not as if perfect -...  
I am, as if I was -...  
I am humble at the edge of my own will, and steer toward a point away from myself -...  
I am directed toward the middle half of the wave, and the middle of the octave -...  
I am something not water contained in the action, of rain -...  
I am the powered will and story -...  
I am the focused multi-faceted object which goes by gravity down a hill, but on a way of its choice -...  
I am in my wife's powerful imagination -...  
I am the last commitment of time to the spirit of creative art and the writing -...  
I am the glowing in the air which is an unexpected sun on a cloudy day -...  
I am as I was some time past -...  
I am the construction of a blockage against other things -...  
I am the sending and the receiving tone of a technology I don't comprehend -...  
I am known for reason and effect -...  
I am the awkward energy of the place of no place -, and, the irritation only I can feel beneath my skin -...  
I am that does not recognize a thing -...  
I am that which feels, of what is loved when we are fading -...  
I am that corrected choice of many parts -...

I am the preparation of leaves for drying -...

I am, as the wooden sticks with cups and sacks at their ends for catching wind, a thousand in rows on a drunk walk -...

I am, the air as a statement of transparent layers, with intangible content -...

I am the soul of cracked vases -...

I am the fluid which advances under the door -...

I am shocked length and various depth -...

I am wide but not deep, or deep but not wide -...

I am the reason of the story that influences, am that of the opening, am that of the personal responsibility, am that of the desire of the heart, and am that of the insect that is nesting in the hay -...

I am that, a corrosive curl of smoke as comes from some gland behind a worm fang, as it emits while burning, as the surface of the lake in glowing hot, and this draws out the crawling things, which dumb like moths will move toward against their own good, their fate -...

I am as the king of wisdom, with a sandwich-board sign, who yells at carnivals, and sings philosophy -...

I am such that lives for eggs, to eat all eggs, who wants most to become an egg, by eating up all eggs -...

I am, one losing myself in a woman I married but am in our memories, in another country, thinking, where am I now -...

I am as a man with a bag of acorns and a fan made out of sticks and fish skin -...

I am the nervous condition related to fear of falling -... I am nine times more likely to fall with these conditions -...

I am the ink of the words, it is a thin but material necessity, even a communication has a substance -...

I am the walking stack of dogmatic slogans and belief based definitions of words and means related to "feet" and a special, double edged jargon -...

I am the replacement that never knows the predecessor -...

I am the ground fruit that is left to fertilize its kin -... I am the soul of the things that push their way through pavement -...

I am the fill of the ballast holding canoes the size of continents buoyantly upright and easy to direct -...

I am the invention of the cliché -... and the creative mystery of the appropriation -...

I am the first milk of twilight -...

I am the second in line to receive a ration -...

I am the stabilizer that is a lever for weight and a thickener for water, and a hole punch for the thin from paper to sheet metal -...

I am the trusting thing -...

I am the author who materializes the actors on the stage -...

I am a confutation of fear and anger, of relocation and skin graft, of disturbed or agitated bird, and then like a sack of sand -...

I am the wandering through wet cement and dry ceiling plaster -...

I am the fixed sink, and the holder of a set of pebbles sorted by size and texture, bagged and vaulted for a later drive -...

Forks are keeping down the worm,

Across the acre where I walked  
When I was undescended, tip to tip and thick like sewer pipe,  
Tongs, so heavy they can stand for eons  
By their weight, and  
Hold a thousand worms  
Blackberry bushes grow  
And once, my father's church where once  
I rang the bell so heavy too,  
So now, it rings but once,  
A minister, his congregation shrinking  
Preaches on the differences between,  
My father's church is gone,  
But blackberry bushes grow, still, we ate them, now -...  
I am knowing that -...  
I am, suspensions of the controller, and the diagonal attrition of a part held clear, free of  
oppressive fear -... standing firm, unhad -...  
I am the lawn outside of a mountain retreat in deep night, with one light near a shrub, with  
one toad -...  
I am a squirrel in a field and a rabbit in the ground, and the man who escapes to do errands  
-...  
I am a giant horse fly, in the oversized room.  
I am as the purist form of controlling, which has no limbs with which to act, so must appeal  
in some seductive way to reason -...  
I am the thinking nob that turns attention away from the problem and invents a private  
way -...  
I am the cautious quieter, who whispers so that others will whisper too -...  
I am the gas bubble forming inside a narrow pipe, which causes blending of species through  
a magical transformation of purpose -...  
I am toast blackened to charcoal -...  
I am the conductor of a current which goes through my skin and passes through six layers of  
tree bark and into a chrome can -...  
I am the ascending particles that rise to heaven when the balloons pop -...  
I am the tragic sensation that the average mentality has when confronted with an object  
image of itself -...  
I am the glass surface that covers a rough composite of stone wood and decomposing fish -  
...  
...and forms a working surface for draftsmen -...  
I am as the consideration of one mind for an organization of joiners, and the rejection of  
their proposed plan -...I am the wall a sarcasm using a statement to represent the opposite  
strikes and falls from -...  
I am the opening of the window that looks out over voluptuous acts in tableau -...  
I am as the consideration of three competitive humans, plotting to shame an animal by  
teaching it words associated with punishment and then, saying those words endlessly -...  
I am the subtle gesture that still covers broad space -...  
I am the juicer joined with a rice popper, making exploding drinks -...  
I am the Dawn at dusk, awaiting the moonlit sun during the meteor shower -...

I am the round peg shaved into paper thin portions, fried like dried fish in oil, jumping and turning, and I am the square opening that receives the dough made from mud and ground purple wheat and bull semen -...

I am the multiple arrival of the cloaked figures wearing steal nets and carrying hatchets in side holsters -...

And I am the arriving and the departure at once of the mechanical moose, designed to lure the flesh and blood of Old New England \_...

I am the churning of the butter 'till it breaks into a brown ball which float in the churner like an upturned boat, with sea baked and shiny hull, and sounds of screams from inside -...

I am the demand of the pressure sensitive simple folk, who know their ways, but succumb to the frosty glare of the self loving self loathing one of superior social standing -...

I am the burning in the night, the heat that makes a black coal white -... I am as the cloud of animal fat in the desert, rolls in and rains down oil and fire spatter -...

I am the mounds of animal turds of spring -...

I am the path pulled, the pulled path like toffee, I am the sense pushed against, I am the creased face as it rests on a pillow, I am the pillow of the rich, the stone of the needy -...

I am a preparation that brings health to small areas on its application, but which causes atrophy when more broadly applied -... I am a depository of mechanical equipment, levers and gears that may be unearthed from the ground where buried in metal canisters, they are the pillow allowing the fearful one to sleep at night -...

I am the unprepared, and the one who lives on faith that there is no need to plot survival beyond an imagined devastation -...

I am the repeated proclamations, which must be said again, and overstated -...

I am as I was in childhood trusting, and before I knew the fear of falling -...

I am the returning before the learning -...

i am representative of the basic principle of Lower Consciousness -...

I am the drawn away down a gravity drain -...

i am the placid punctuation, the filling of the sensitive bladder that blocks retreat -...

I am the happiness which slips up under the eyelids and moves the brain spirit onto a conveyer - to reward -...

I am the multitude conditions required to turn a key and release a new pollen -...

I am a jar of juice that is boiled down from lifestyles across a wide range of land and water dwellers -...

I am the head on the stump that is still talking -...

I am aping something, which is a bad imitation of what I would do, so it is a circle -...

I am a part of the previous circle, but I am a part which has a thin wall, and might become an indentation and destroy the symmetry of the circle , and I become through a flowing through the wall core, the thicker part, which becomes more like a callous as the circle tries to role but rather it wobbles, but this leaves a great and variable impression as if several shoes on two feet, and this is coded and read at a meeting concerning the survival of the experimental spirit in future of art -...

I am as the knuckle that is holding me under a board on top of which is the pile of stones and to that is the added pressure of the hand -...

I am the illness of the paranoid skill that shifts my state of operation in a constant blur of insecurity -...

I am several leads that are tied to different self powered mechanisms, that pull me in many

directions at the same time, applying different force as by intelligence and different motivations, as if players in a game who have different purposes than the game -...

I am the spitting onto a flat plane, which is hot and sends a steam that rises, then falls in a solidified ball and rolls in a pattern with others of these evaporations and constitutions -...

I am a subject, tied by fate to an object, then i am followed by another sentence -...

I am a requirement by moral code to feed a being I imagine is living underneath the floor - I must dig or pull up wood from the floor to make a space which can hold a small package of what I imagine to be a good food for the entity as I imagine it at the time I imagine it -...

I am as when I am done, dividing into thin streams of liquid that are like colored puke, with awkward smell that is a little bit like sex, and makes others uncomfortable or needing to leave the area -...

I am as if I was born as a board and was slowly turned back into tree, and then seed, and then back to previous tree, and then dirt, and what was formed before life -...

i am the halved seed, split along the half line and, producing half a life -...

I am, refrigeration of my ancestors, in me -...

I am, a block of stone and a wooden fence, and a post of fiber, and a hollow gourd -...I am as the log made of latex and poster paint, and a section of sidewalk cut and pasted onto a cotton linen nightdress, held up on the waitress by two cables covered by a satin fabric so to seem like simple straps on the dress, but, strong enough to hold the sidewalk on the dress, and, the waitress too is strong, and has 2 shoulders like the cables on a bridge, and this is how she seems to show no fatigue when she is walking in her rooms, and wearing this dress, in her evenings spent alone, and waiting, as she is the waitress -...

I am twelve stomachs as I have described many times, as the word pictures comes again and again in dreams and on the tip of my mind when I write with no words prepared, but draw the words out first without a word utterance inwardly -...

I am, where have I gone in being, asided so much I am present on a diagonal from the proclamation of my being in which I introduce myself -...?

I am thus the proclamation of a core of will, not inside a shell of pride, but hastened by a slicker skin, of scales that face begin, and coated with a protean jell, and on its top, an oil coming from begin the head and lubricating and streamlining the backward growing whole -...I am a savior of the many things which I have turned my back on in my life, that now I must appease -...

I am a thing which must engage the world outside, and hold it tight with dry fingers, the wet things that could slip between -...

i am the pocks of the armor into which you can

I am as the safety commission says, of pure spirit, in their terms, I have a clean record -...

I am as this plastic wrapped over breathing holes - and you should bury me -...

I am a thrust of pushed in pins to hold a drawing to a wall, and then a thrust of pushed in pins to hold a canvas and a rag flag to a wall -...

I am, am I, answered the question as I taped a piece of color to a glass window, so, the color is to hover in the air, and I am to see the scene beyond -...

I am frosted surfaces -...

I am the swelling of the lips, the lengthening of the canine teeth, and the extension of the hair at the nape of the neck that turns me from man to man plus -...

I am the bubbling of the tongue until it is a balloon and chokes not only my mouth but the mouths of all I encounter -...



I am the development of a gland that steers me toward magnetic fields, and then, another gland that steers me toward paintings of the Dutch masters, and then, a gland that draws lines in front of my eyes, and transforms shapes directly into an array of philosophical positions all of which threaten the stability of a place with common purpose, and introduce from its fringe, and widen it to flattening so it may surface coat many different cultural aspects, the unwanted and different and individuals who/ which have been placed outside so to preserve the form of the dominant thought that holds the frame of one group up against the tree on which it has been tacked or roped -...

I am the constant in the changing under and over -...

I am a slow to heat stove that heats a house slowly slowly slowly -...

I am the one singled out from a box of the stacked and the lined that is rejected, but after modification and physical adjustment, accepted as the same -...

I am as I imagined I might be, several years ago -...

I am several roads meeting, two of them being under pressure (carbonated) -...

I am a mutiny and civil war between organs -...

I am a wonder of light through a window and absorbent dark blue shelf liner paper -...

I am a list of material and fabricated objects -...

I am as the subjugation of the nine enemies by the greater favor -...

I am as I was born, from the out and in of the mouth of beasts -...

I am starring at something out of reach -...

I am the façade of the church held up by scaffolding behind -...

I am the punch in the face of ambush -...

I am the recognition -...

I am the warm paste -...

I am the useful arches of the building, and the pads of paint and pigment -...

I am the question of God's will, put to a simple mind -...

I am the deterioration by secret means of the simple solution -...

I am the reduced sample plan to learning and the follow-up of forgetting -...

I am the mask in the shady blue fogged rowing boat -...

I am the attempt to impress as impression -...

I hold vows and am promising -...

I am the positive and unexpected blast escaping a hold with a side valve for vacuum -...

I am going -...

I am the paste -...

I am the fire tree -...

I am the habitual actor with his habitual act -...

I am the room required for maintenance of the host and the silence -...

I am the request for the downcast eye -...

I am the study team for research and the ambitious team for public presentation -...

I am the pulsing of the machine from far away -...

I am, and I am missing all of this -...

I am the crusted flowering that covers the cold cement of wall and ceiling in the childhood basement, with potatoes in bins so cold and comforting you can lay on them and sleep for days -...

I am as the third wind needed to finish a task of repartition that strains us -...

I am the growing blow of colored air, and the telescoping hold that ranges in its size -...

I am that is satisfied, that there is pay and balance accommodated at every turn -...  
I am the replacement parts for the vocabulary of the words of changing -...  
I am the mysterious flow of communication apart from intelligence or use -...  
I am the stacked confused with the walked the doer confused by the dreamer -...  
I am the place where the time goes -...  
I am the struggle to free us -...  
I am the intension to impression and control -...  
I am the voltage of my mind in its eye -...  
I am my difficult breathing when I swim underwater -...  
I am emitting blue smoke with a white stripe -...  
I am my flaccid brain during erection -...  
I am the face spider, invading the night of the child who killed it -...  
I am as the air filled bag, and the bag of fish bait -...  
I am the waterproofing of tightly tailored suits -...  
I am the shaking unable to stop -...  
I am an object named after a famed military hero -...  
I am the subverted quest for wealth, scuttled by a hungry man who collapsed in the path of a plan -...  
I am the friendly or kind moments in the life of evil -...  
I am the delivery of the items in their order as listed -...  
I am the special bias of inclusion and exclusion -...  
I am always an alien but feeling adaption -...  
I am the training and the schooling of the capillaries -...  
I am the tissue of a lump beneath the skin -...  
I am the rising of the goat, the even horizontal travel of the seal, and the diagonal lowering of the calf -...  
I am the turned vehicle of remorse -...  
I am as the washing of hands until raw -...  
I am the neglect of the lubricating necessity -...  
I am the hammer struck by the chisel -...  
I am the stomach growth twice long as the tall grass -...  
I am the drying seed -...  
I am the layer of cloth -...  
I am silver at night -...  
I am the rust speckles on the window frame -...  
I am the ink – that seems like a life form unfolding in the water -...  
I am the angle of containment, the cool on the cheek, the pock of the burning pepper -...  
I am the transfiguring glow of the sun on the skin, the inversion of the lens, and the color shifting as the rainbow in the iris -...  
I am the experiment in the host of the box, a layer of papers amixed -...  
I am the theft of the plans for unobtainable parts -...  
I am the soil composed as a suite, in a row or in a net, cluttered and confused -...  
I am as the roast of collected stable eatable things, singed alike, some raw inside some others over done -...  
I am the flow of lumps in far reaches -...  
I am the inevitable large -...

I am the tarp wrapped around the rusted post -...  
I am the overlay of three different systems of communication -...  
I am the spore cloud that approaches after sudden reversal of wind -...  
I am the push of electric cutter the wedge to stop -... I am the coughing into the hole -...  
I am the amplifier of backwards -...  
I am a water logged cube of leather -...  
I am the infusion of asking into answering -...  
I am the process of wisdom flying through the season -...  
I am the sermon in the limestone hole -...  
I am the portion measured and packaged -...  
I am as the thing I ate -...  
I am as the nervous condition and the man who sprays the trees -...  
I am the liner and the targets on the back of the three hands -...  
I am the shaver and sinker in the sea below the boat hull -...  
I am as the thriving array -...  
I am as the check on the box directing -...  
I am that passes overhead and that peasants shield themselves from with dark blankets -...  
I am as the toast of my corner baker -...  
I am the mold on the edge of the box where floor meets wall, I am the fungus along the edge where ceiling meets wall -...  
I am the freezing and thawing of a root in the ground -...  
I am a stick with notches -...  
I am a descending pin looped over a deck -...  
I am a tearing of a perforated page -...  
I am a project incorporating towels and birch fiber sheets -...  
I am the dogmatic dweller on the edge of the circle -...  
I am the corrective surgery on the anthem -...  
I am the proposed debut of the new traditional drama -...  
I am the shaking off of the dew -...  
I am storage -...  
I am the weighted -...  
I am the rubber funnel the attached antiqued handle and the spectrum filter -...  
I am the entombed in the whole, the miniature in the pieces -...  
I am the remark of the burned smell -...  
I am the secret of the lengthening of days -...  
I am the extra color in the pee, and I am the draining of color from the poo, and from the canvas -...  
I am the collected plan to rule through numbers -...  
I am the seed that pours down the wall -...  
I am the purpose for the preparation of the soft skins -...  
I am saving haste, and on the tomorrow I am leaving for the jungle -...  
I am the boney limbs -...  
I am the poster paint spilled down the cement steps -...  
I am owned by estates and lawyers, and secretly, the spirit is directed by natural materials -  
...  
I am the railing to guide the feeble along the footbridge -...

I am the two divisions of the tallest and the equivalent among you -...

I am the public and the secretive one joined in a ritual -...

I am, a forward moving line that is a sign of progress, which in its forward moving course locks into a loop that is a circle of action it cannot break away from, and then it spirals out to one side in time or location and that spiral has loops that telescope out or in, and that become increasing close together so that they form a cone to one side like a horn on a beast – and then after a compression of this shape the loop is broken when the telescope is outward and gravity of a point is lost and it shoots straight tangentially, or, the spiral falls to a point inward, and the tangential arrow is formed from explosion, or, having eliminated the space of the point the point is crowded into a straight line away from the field of battle -

...

I am wringing my hands to see if I can juice them as if they were spongy fruit -...

I am the **FUTILITY LOOP** that is the tail of a progressive act -...

I am the activity that brings happy rain from sun clouds -...

I am drawing this afternoon, painting on a thin film of animal gut glue tonight -...

I am animals liberated through kindness -...

I am going to the pruning shed to find a piece of cloth to oil the blade with -...

I am a short witted short fused short stocked -...

I am a stomach in a peach drink after shock of windmills after supper -...

I am as was had, but now released -...

I am as the black oil want, as the rag and explosive smell -...

I am the understudy of the overall -...

I am the passing of fear -...

I am the destruction of blowing muscles -...

I am inflated organs -...

I am a floating bulb of matter, shaped like a bell -...

I am the forcefully thrown feather -...

I am as the wreckage of a ship on the rocks, and mouths that flood with salt water, and bodies still -...

I am as a sudden suction from imbalance of air pressure -...

I shook a branch to bring down apples, but leaves fall burying me -...

I stroked the split in the tree until it fell -...

I filed the tips of fingers down to a flat end, then tapped them on glass, wood, metal and plastic -...

I am sending boxes of seeds through the mail, but there is a hole in each box, and I have covered a wide area with non native plants -...

I am the needle animal -...

I am French crystal in the American sand lot -...

I am picking through the stems of the plant holders snapped and piled -...

I am a telescoping pointed pin -...

I am moving twice as fast as a slug in winter rain -...

I am oyster water, pulled and scented, walled and simple -...

I am a floating island, with surrounding salt licks on posts above the water level -...

I am packing a grease sludge into a coffee can without air pockets -...

I am a structure pulled apart like its split through the loins -...

I am charging a thought battery with a static electricity generator powered by walking and driving nails with a hammer -...

I am the draw of what I have spent for time, in the money, and in the irretrievable consumption -...

I am the show, and the shining in the way across my stepping of my feet, along the carved out flat bed narrows on which I walk through thicker depths -...

I am along nine miles of the length signified by the legend on the map -...

I am the memorization of the array -...

I am the conditional pleasure, and the unconditional one -...

I am the wading through leaves from trees -...

I am the solitude of one hundred graves of desire -...

I am the fishing for and the capture of a true fact regarding birth right -...

I am a special display pad on which an argument is made and erased -...

I am the wadding of paper into a hole to keep in one thing, to keep out another, and to be neutral in effect for the third -...

I am a preparation calendar with dates for accomplishments circled -...

I am not what can be control, but am the uncontrollable -...

I am the opposite of what I mean at every utterance -...

I am the difference between meaning and being, as concepts that are foreign to each other but not in cancellation -...

I am the rush past the valve -...

I am a wish, but I fight hope -...

I am the grasp, and a cousin of the grip -...

I am a kindness, expressed as a vocal inflection -...

I am a clarity, and a pouring out through the nose, and a liquefied brain that turns to smooth surfaced gel, and flammable -...

I am a challenge of a stick that has a steady and increasing weight placed on one end, which also gradually moves down its length, and seeks to bend a less bendable part and from a less bendable position -...

I am the struggle of the fattened pig in the way of wonder -...

I am wires and white balloons -...

I am the maximized condition for living which may conflict with survival -...

I am the patch over the hole and the power that chafes the patch until it is a flexible soft tissue but one which has been so weathered it cannot be broken, so, it is stretching as objects press against it, and a list may be made of these objects due to the transparency of the tissue, from the other side -...

I am collision blossoms, the flowers made when things and objects are pulled into a collision trying to reach a common attraction point – I am the point also, where they jam, not allowing each other to pass- I am the unconquerable position of mutual resistance and blockade -...

I am the varnish, and the seal made that I cannot fight with or demand return from, because, I am responsible for the predicament -...

I am the aside when a person walks a beach and does not feel alone, and the thing they say to a presence they imagine might be listening -...

I am with spacers between the wooden lines that tie my feet -...

I am the maker of wealth, but not the evaluator -...

I am not the recipient of wealth, but the speculator of it -...

I am the stones received for carving -...

I am the scientific attitude for jargon, but not a real method, only the appearance of for appeal to reason -...

I am the conditioning to expect and believe lies, and to adapt the lie to its opposite for action -...

I am the expectation for a dry food product or an arid manufactured work material, but the engagement of the paste made from packing material used in the products shipping, which is of such success that the product is placed in storage, indexed with useless matter, and stockpiled by an invading power, taking over the useful and the useful role of the useful role, while the matters held in storage fall victim to forgetfulness of the invading forces, and begin a second life as their own society of abandoned materials, and even reconstruct each other when there are several, and generate a culture of material making material, and defining the meaning of intelligence that works for matter with no moving parts, and the science of potential of interaction when there is no catalyst -...

I am sweeping with a wiper and a brush and a thin pin and the plate and a multiple pincher and a portable pathway and directional device and a wet magnet and a degenerator and a washer and a drier with a heat blower and a rubber smeller and an evaluator and a perforator and a pump -...

I am a solidified reason that is like a see-through paperweight -...

I am a style of recording the past, combined with a vinyl layer of the present in a sandwich with a future speculation as a kind of stone with distinct grain -...

I am a sudden action that takes place in a duration and physical space twice as much or less than a previous or next action, so that there is a constant shifting of magnitude and resolution of the scale -...

I am a performing in a room with a window covered by metal bars in both directions like plaid -...

I am a bitter and soft flavor, and a group that wishes to control small facets that is in contrast to a single individual that wishes to join a group but by nature must always act alone, and feel at odds with any other ego -...

I am the stickiness -...

I am the dislodged from a narrowing in a tubular hole -...

I am the grizzle at the edge of a rendering of a sadness -...

I am an alternating pushing and pulling through a junction in a pipe where there is a grill, and balls of different kinds of plastic and moonrock are tumbled and cleaned by their rolling, and trapped between four such grills that together form a cage-like removable box -  
...

I am the staining of a filter, and its use in pigmentation at a later stage in a long process of unrelated activities that converge in a list -...

I am the glue coating a white paper, and a different glue coating a pink paper, and a time when the two glue coated sheets of paper are brought together and held compressed in a vise until some years have passed, and the vise has rusted, and the white and pink paper

has discolored, and the glues have altered in their composition, and become brittle, and filled with pock marks from small insect bites, and show through the discolored paper, and seem like many hues of white and pink and in between, and of combined with metal rust, and leakage from the wooden parts of the vise, which have bled from bacterial suspensions suspended in the grain -...

I am the puking and shitting and pissing and cumming of perfect creatures of light -...

I am the revolving of square tumblers around a cylinder -...

I am shaving with a plane, over lines of boards at a shore while tide comes in -...

I am an extraction of threads taken from a particle layering -...

I am pumping up to fill the capillaries twice then three times, and over that, again to make the course of veins allow the generation -...

I am all related tips and ends to pack into an encasing so the sock can be the pocket of the holder who is waiting for the perfect time to undo it and empty out the cause at last in one next to last and final near the end in time of the series when the predecessor has enforced a growing, and through the narrowest legal position it allows, one thing has come, and fixed itself like with a barb or anchor, and then there it makes itself all known to all along the future rim, when series numbered from the first until the expectation of an end in timing, there is water still, and powder still, and mixing still, and offers to resolve where love has been, and where it grows when cities changed of hands reconstitute their charter -...

I am an animal in true standing, some parts are stone and bone, and feel as separate living in a cage or cell, and reflect tight as skin toward the operation of a whole, and to that end, reflect on inward operations too -...

I am sliced from a left edge, making a slab tilt to the other side, weighted, centered differently around a black round point -...

I am feeling a sensation like I am watched, and the attention of an eye is striking parts of me with rays that come from eyes, which is one way something looks to see, by hitting with the rays from holes around an eyeball --... while two other eyes, a double set will watch -...

I am it am it is am a is am, there is, a an arm wrist and knuckle, lubricating gland between two fingers, cools a saw made out of bones -...

I am soiled and vented, flesh burned and stimulated by steady sparks -...

I am the psychology of food of different colors -...

I am the walking while only seeing a small percent of the light spectrum -...

I am the dawn, and the middle term, and a dusk - ... it is an argument and a fashion of reason, to beginning middleate and to resolve conclude or linger and slice, excerpt -...

I am the use of soap and abrasion of scraping with rough plans -...

I am collecting shells so that I may inhabit one with my spirit when I find one perfectly suited -...

I am flapping back and forth as if on a flexible stem -...

I am the call of the digging worm and a slight framed insect -...

I am the threshold over which is a door of foam, sagging in the humid air -...

I am opening and closing my eyes in a code -...

I am slowly advancing burden \_...

I am a pot filled with carbonated soil -...

I am showing boiling pictures, bubbles make the image -...

I am pointing to others -...

